

# THE CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS. BY EDMUND GOSSE.

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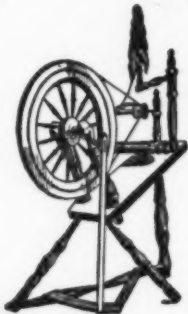
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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }  
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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

Over the mountains and over the sea,  
In the land where we never again shall  
be,

There leeth a garden of long ago,  
Where children played that we used to  
know.

There is no magic of brush or pen  
Can picture the wonders we met with  
then,

When we left in the town our school-  
book lore,

In Grandmother's Garden to stand  
once more.

The roses we plucked to our hearts'  
content—

But they died to our wistful wonder-  
ment!—

And the prim box-borders that smelt  
so sweet

When crushed by our wandering child-  
ish feet!

And the hedge of beech that walled us  
in,

With the bit near the house that was  
all worn thin,

Where Grandfather stood to smoke at  
night

With a friend in *his* garden out of  
sight.

Grandmother's Garden! Can't you see,  
Right in the middle, the cherry-tree,  
With the cherries hanging, big and  
red?—

But the blackbirds had first bite, we  
said!

And the bough where we sat when  
tired of play,

With a book on our knees and our  
thoughts away,

Past the sheltering hills, to the wide,  
wide sea,

Till Grandmother called us back—to  
tea?

Grandmother's Garden! Yesterday  
I stood in a southern garden gay,  
Where on smooth lawns went stately  
by

Proud peacocks with their strident  
cry;

Where the sun blazed down on the  
fruit-trees tall

That climbed and clung on the high  
south wall,

When, sudden, my heart went out from  
me

To the other garden across the sea.

A thought—and a look—and there at  
my feet

Was a border of box that smelt as  
sweet

In the heat of the sun as, long ago,  
In the old-time garden we used to  
know . . .

The years flew by; the builder came,  
And Grandmother's Garden is just a  
name;

For a mansion stands where the roses  
grew,

And a wall in the place of the hedge  
we knew.

But I close my eyes and I see again  
Grandmother's Garden, oh! so plain,

In the land that we cannot go back to  
see,

Where the children played that we  
used to be.

W. J. Cameron.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

## THE COMBATANTS.

Just in the shade of the arena's gate,  
They trooped and paused; and to the  
ranks of eyes

That questioned ere they drove them  
on to fate,

Steel-swift, steel-steady, did their an-  
swers rise—

"I fight to break the tyranny I hate!"

"I come to tear the veil from ancient  
lies!"

"I seize the odds! Let others share the  
prize!"

"I fail, that *some* may conquer, soon or  
late!"

But one who bore, within that radiant  
line,

A look as cool as joy, as firm as pain,  
And touched his sword, as some rapt  
village swain

Touches the cup that holds his wed-  
ding-wine,

Spoke not, until they urged: "What aim  
is *thine*?"

"I fight, that none may ever fight again!"

G. M. Hort.

The Nation.

## THE CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS.

If any proof were needed of the fact that books have now taken their place among the essential requirements of life, it would be found in the excitement which is caused by any attempt made, or suggested, to disturb the balance of literary supply. Reading is not, and never can become, one of our primary necessities, like bread; but it is rapidly ranging itself among the secondary ones, by the side of meat or tea. That is to say, the moment a human being is relieved from the uttermost pressure of need, he surrounds himself with the most obvious comforts, and what issues from the Press is unquestionably becoming recognized as one of those. Therefore we need not wonder that the liberty of the Press, with its necessary limitations, should be the subject of vivid general interest, that it should be watched with jealousy, and that every proposal to tamper with its delicate practical equilibrium should be subjected to keen examination.

We have seen this winter an instance at once of the difficulty of defining the boundaries of literary independence and of interfering with the liberty of reading. It was remarkable enough to deserve to be taken out of the range of men's desultory discussion, and examined in a more philosophical spirit. In spite of the overwhelming vehemence of the electoral crisis, blowing aside most of our habitual minor interests, the dispute between the Circulating Libraries and the public, which began at an early stage of the winter, has continued to reverberate in the newspapers. Between the announcements of "coalition gains" the wail of the boycotted lady novelist has been heard, and in the smallest possible type the *Times* has printed an indignant rejoinder from Three Hundred Thousand

Mothers. The interest of the public has been no academic one, and it has been expressed with a considerable violence in one direction and in the other. Let us briefly recount the grounds of the dispute.

On December 1 last, there sprang into existence a body which distinguished itself in the first hour of its career by a startling act. The Circulating Libraries Association was the result of a meeting between the managers of the principal purveyors of books, drawn together, it would appear from the published statement of the body, to contrive a method of putting a stop to a state of things "which for some time past had been causing annoyance to their subscribers and inconvenience to themselves." It is impossible in England to induce people of this class to state in clear terms what they mean when moral ideas are at stake, and nothing, therefore, could be more opaque than the cotton-wool of verbiage in which the Associated Librarians wrapped up the subject of "annoyance" and "inconvenience" which forced them to take strong measures. They admitted, however, that they, the Librarians, had lately circulated among their clients one (or many) books "which are regarded as transgressing the dictates of good taste in subject or treatment." Their subscribers, or some of them, had complained of this, and the Librarians in their turn bewailed their powerlessness to prevent the abuse. They met on December 1, and associated themselves for the express purpose of circumventing it. They met—and they hit upon what they thought was a perfect plan, which would unite the suffrages of every class in the community. But ah! for the schemes of mice and men!

The plan had its ingenuity and its

courage. It was drastic, and yet it was insinuating. The Circulating Librarians, confident in their associated powers, did not hesitate to take the bull by the horns. In their announcement to the public, through the publishers, they adopted a firm tone. "We have determined," they wrote, "in future that we will not place in circulation any book which, by reason of the personally scandalous, libellous, immoral, or otherwise disagreeable nature of its contents, is in our opinion likely to prove offensive to any considerable section of our subscribers." That the Librarians were wholly within their rights in forming this determination, and in acting upon it, is so obvious that, if some indignant authors had not traversed it, it would be needless to point out that, of course, as tradesmen supplying subscribers with a particular kind of goods, the libraries were perfectly justified in saying that such and such a commodity was what they did not require and would not purvey. Their next step showed less judgment and forethought, and landed them in a difficulty.

They proceed to explain that in order to prevent works of an offensive kind from reaching their subscribers, they had hit upon a contrivance which, it appeared to them, must automatically close the door upon all scandal. Readers had indignantly complained that there seemed to be no one at the libraries able or willing to divide the literary black sheep from the rest of the flock. Very well! The Associated Librarians would accept the responsibility, and protect the virtue of the public at the cost of great personal inconvenience to themselves. The mode in which they proposed to protect the public was this. They required the publishers in future to submit to a committee of the association a copy of every book, at least one clear week before the date of publication. This committee

was to read all the proposed books and to divide them into three categories, "satisfactory," "doubtful," and "objectionable," while the entire body of Circulating Librarians took a solemn pledge that they would refuse to "circulate or sell any book considered objectionable by any three members of the association." These three members were to be unnamed; they would form a secret court, beyond criticism or challenge. There was to be no appeal against their

mysterious meetings,  
And unknown dooms, and sudden executions.

But worse lay behind. The Associated Librarians not merely demanded that every book should be submitted to them before publication, and announced that it would be refused if the terrible tribunal of three considered it "doubtful or objectionable," but they pledged themselves to proceed altogether beyond their province and make the distribution of such a book under any circumstances "as small as possible." If, therefore, those unnamed and unseen members of a commercial committee objected to a book, the existence of that book was to be threatened, even though it contained nothing contrary to the laws of England. It was to be attacked even outside the jurisdiction of the libraries. If possible, it was to be suppressed altogether. The Librarians must have been singularly naive, for they seem to have thought that a humble public would sip gratefully from this chalice on its knees.

In all discussion of the attitude of the public towards art there is a tendency to overlook the wishes of the artist. When English men of business consider what should be done with an object, the last thing they think of is the opinion of the man who made it. I am far from saying that this curious

national trait does not protect us against the inroads of a sterile æstheticism, but it has its disadvantages. Sometimes the man who painted the picture or carved the statue or even wrote the book has something to say which is not merely worth hearing, but must be listened to. The Circulating Libraries, in their "stand-and-deliver" to the publishers, showed the customary national peculiarity. They thought of the wishes of everybody except of the authors. This error could not be repeated by the publishers, who are brought into personal relations with those who write, and they very naturally replied that they could not bow their heads to the Tribunal of Three without asking the authors what they thought about it; and the authors, of course, stiffened their backs at once.

After the unanimous refusal of the authors to allow their books to be submitted before publication to a secret committee which should decide, without appeal, as to whether they could or could not be allowed to appear, the original proposal of the Circulating Libraries was heard of no more. But the correspondence on the suppression of improper books went on as vigorously as ever, and the interest of the public in the subject showed no sign of exhaustion. It is proper that even those whose instincts are most warmly called forth by a desire to guard the liberty of the mind should admit that there has been, and still is, a great deal of anxiety about the ease with which unwholesome literature is disseminated at the present moment. Much, however, is vaguely stated and loosely conjectured. To hear some persons talk of the degeneracy of printed matter we might imagine that the resources of civilization were exhausted, and the end of decency at hand. Let us inquire what grain of fact is to be sifted out of this mass of exaggeration.

There was published last year a vol-

ume of *Recollections* by an elderly lady of title, which seemed to have been put out, like a tub to catch a whale, for the purpose of scandalizing the middle classes. The venerable authoress, who must be a person of a sprightly temper, went, it is said, to the very verge of libel in her zeal for making the flesh of respectability creep. "Their Aunt Jemima, indeed!" she seemed to say. "Come a little nearer, and I will tell you all about their Aunt Jemima—oh, shocking!" As she said this, the hordes of those who dwell wearily in Balham and in Brompton crept on tip-toe nearer and nearer, while the waggish old lady, forgetting to drop her voice, shouted at them through the trumpet of the Circulating Libraries. This incident, though naturally regrettable, is neither unprecedented nor important. The remarkable noblewoman aimed at something like the reputation made in Paris eighty years ago by the egregious Vicomtesse de Chamilly. It is not unfair, since she has got them both, to say that she wanted notoriety and money. Except to the feelings of the descendants of Aunt Jemima, no sort of harm has been done by her "Memoirs." No doubt it may be said that the reading of vulgar books tends to lower the moral tone of a youthful mind. Very superfine musicians contend that it impairs the character to listen to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. There are, no doubt, degrees in mental delicacy, but surely no one can seriously come forward with a proposal to institute a censorship of books because one old lady circulates her more or less apocryphal *Recollections*.

The other case which is brought forward by those who recommend a check on the output of printed matter is more serious. There have been issued of late—so it appears, at least, for I write on hearsay—a certain number of novels, chiefly from one source, deal-

ing with sexual questions of a kind which may be proper for grave medical discussion, but is wholly unfitted for the license of imaginative treatment. It is bitterly complained that the heads of households find these books in the hands of their children, and that they are "powerless" to check their circulation. In parenthesis, it may be suggested that a parent has the power either to take away the novel from her daughter, or to close her subscription to the library, or to write a protest against the particular book she objects to. In the course of this controversy, it seems to be taken for granted that the subscriber is "powerless"—the word is frequently used—and must sit, tied to her chair, while "doubtful and objectionable" works are read aloud to her by an emissary from the Circulating Library. In the presence of an "objectionable book" there is surely one sovereign remedy always before the subscriber, namely, not to read it.

That the discovery of an immoral and insinuating book in a carefully conducted household is a very vexatious thing is, however, not to be denied.

But before we yield ourselves unreservedly to indignation in this matter there are certain points to be considered which are easily overlooked. In the first place, a really immoral or indecent publication can be dealt with at once by the police under Lord Campbell's Act. This draws a strong line between the possible and the impossible. But the moment we attempt, from a zeal for morals, to improve on the law, to draw another line inside the police line, we embark upon a sea of difficulties. For instance, in the case of the novels which have just been referred to, it is presumable (by one who has never read and never will read one of them) that they keep very amply on the safe side of the Act, or else they would never be circulated at all. If, by accident, a novel of positive

scandal passes unobserved into general sale, the first reader who notices its character should communicate with the Home Office.

While it is possible, and, more than possible, inevitable, that people, especially those responsible for the propriety of home life, should feel alarm at the inroads of indelicate and vulgar literature, it is extremely desirable not to forget the broader and, if we may say so, the historic aspects of the question. These are too commonly ignored by moralists who advocate sudden and drastic remedies of an evil which will, perhaps, be found to frighten more than it injures them. There was once a bishop, the wisest and wittiest of his order, who said in his haste—or was said to have said—that he would "rather see England free than England sober." Let us take our courage in both hands and admit that we would rather see English literature free than English literature decent. Dr. Magee did not indicate, in his famous *dictum*, any approval of insobriety. He did not stand behind others of his cloth in his anxiety to see England sober, but he had the breadth of vision to perceive that all good things, and sobriety included among them, depend on the habit of liberty. Make a man a slave, whether to a despot, or to a grandmotherly system of civic repressions, and you take away the fibre of resistance from his character. You make him, in the instances in which his code of by-laws does not support him, the victim of his own weakness. If no one were allowed to go out of his depth while bathing, no one would ever learn to swim.

When, therefore, we resist with indignation the proposal to censor our reading, and to suppress such books as seem to a committee to be objectionable, it is not with the slightest wish to encourage what is ugly and vile. If there were no laws which dealt with



the subject, we should be obliged to use any weapons which society could contrive in order to fight against disloyalty, obscenity, and libellous rancor. We see before us, at this moment, a condition of things in India which calls for a modification of the rights of some of our fellow-subjects in this direction. But our rulers accept this exceptional state of public manners with reluctance, and they meet it by the exercise of the law. What is suggested by some people at home, with regard to English books, is a private legislation inside the legislation of the State. It is a machination of private police, and that is a thing that has never, in all the course of modern history, been of advantage even to superficial morals. A brief examination of the historical aspect of the matter may here be of value to us.

We must first remind ourselves, then, that the idea of a censorship of books was a Papal invention, and has been carried out most firmly and consistently, not by any temporal authority, but by the Church of Rome. In the beginning of the fourth century, the Council of Carthage issued a decree forbidding Christians to circulate or to possess the writings of the authors of pagan antiquity. It would be difficult to exaggerate the loss which this act of fanaticism has entailed upon the modern world, and the spirit which inspired it is one which must always be regarded with suspicion. In times when books circulated only in manuscript, and within very limited areas, the actual destruction of a work of genius was not only possible, it was often easy. After the invention of printing, the work became more difficult, and was prosecuted with a fiercer zeal. The opening years of the sixteenth century are prominent in the annals of repression, but it took a different course. The Renaissance had done its work, and Roman prelates ex-

pended their enthusiasm and their money in the preservation of ancient literature, even though its tendency might be unfavorable to morals and religion. A new enemy was in the field, the reform inside the Church, and this was now pursued in all its literary emanations.

The earliest list of censored books is said to be that drawn up under clerical advice, by Charles V. in Belgium in 1524. The theological faculty of the University of Louvain made itself dreaded throughout Europe by the fierce and reiterated attacks which it made on the freedom of the Press. In 1543 an elaborate list of prohibited books, now catalogued for the first time, was issued at Venice, and in the following year the faculty of theology in Paris produced a fuller Index, and contrived heavier penalties on the sale of improper works. Pope Paul IV. took advantage of the labors of the Inquisition in Venice, Milan, and Spain, to draw up the famous *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, of which so much has since been vaguely heard. He delivered the list in 1559 to the Inquisition in Rome, and this most formidable engine of literary tyranny was circulated throughout the Catholic world. In this document there were three alphabetical sections; the first comprising a list of authors whose entire writings were prohibited; the second, specified works by authors otherwise held innocuous; the third, anonymous writings. It is noticeable that an appendix contained almost all existing editions of the Holy Scriptures. This Index, after a delay during which the theological faculties in all parts of Europe were consulted, was at length published, in 1564, at the close of the Council of Trent.

It would be tedious to continue the history of these Roman Indices, which those who are curious in the matter may follow in the learned compilations of such historians as Reusch and Mend-

ham. A recent work by Hilgers (1904) may be indicated as a useful source of information. But it is interesting, in examining the early censorship of books, to notice that "immorality," except in a violent form, rarely attracted the censure of the inquisitors, which was directed mainly against theological and philosophical speculation. Heresy was the game which the censors went forth to hunt, and their principal prey were "apostates, schismatics, and every species of sectary." In 1586, the business was taken out of the hands of the Inquisition, and placed in those of the Index Congregation, a sort of committee whose duty was to keep the list of prohibited books up to date, and to grant learned and pious men special permission to read, for a holy purpose, this or that condemned work. This Congregation has never ceased its labors, and although the spread of liberal opinion has made its zeal more and more nugatory, and though that zeal has itself abated, yet its action remains of a kind which no citizen of a free community, unless biased by prejudice, can regard with satisfaction.

The desire to restrict speculative thought, although it has by no means died out, has in late years given place to a zeal for decency. It is important to notice that the tendency of a censorship nowadays is to begin with the suppression of books scandalous to morals, and then to proceed to that of books which contravene the ethical and religious ideas accepted by society at the particular moment. This latter tendency is the one which particularly justifies a resistance to any form of extra-legal repression. It is necessary to insist that to place the existence of books at the mercy of a small group of men of whose fitness for so important a charge the public can know nothing is to endanger the advance of thought. A tribunal formed to-day to suppress

a morbid novel may go on to-morrow to boycott a Darwin or a Renan. As this has been denied, it is worth while to draw attention to what was attempted so lately as 1859. My friend, Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, points out to me that Whewell, Murchison, and Sedgwick appealed to Owen to stamp out Chambers's *Vestiges of Creation*, which Sedgwick called "that beastly book." A little later, the same dignified authorities used similar phrases about Darwin's *Origin of Species*. The public language of such men as Bishop Wilberforce was a direct and passionate incentive to such suppression as was possible. It is perfectly certain that if the recently self-elected tribunal had existed in 1860, when the *Quarterly Review* issued its famous blast against the theory of natural selection, as a publication "absolutely incompatible with the Word of God," an appeal to it by Sedgwick, Whewell, Murchison, and Wilberforce, supported by the scientific opinion of Owen, would have been instantly and completely successful, and the *Origin of Species* must have been withdrawn from circulation.

It is useless to pretend that such errors of judgment could not occur again. Men of light and leading in 1910 are not made of a different clay from those who represented science and society in 1860. It is always the unexampled that is unwelcome, and it is not because a Darwin is now celebrated at public banquets after half a century of fame that some one as original and as revolutionary as he will not be banned and boycotted when he takes us all by surprise. The whole history of criticism shows us that the most brilliantly equipped and most highly trained experts cannot be implicitly trusted when they censure a new theory of art or morals which runs counter to accepted tradition.

Nor is it enough that offences should be shown to exist, and that honest men

should be impelled by a genuine wish to reform them. A sincere desire to check literary abuses and to maintain a high standard of decency never degenerated into more grotesque absurdity than during the reign of Charles X. in France. The incidents are too near our time to possess much literary interest, and it may be that they are generally forgotten. But it is worth our while, when we are told that acts of intellectual tyranny "could never occur again," to recollect that the *censure* of the Restoration began in a very moderate and reasonable determination to put down the general public circulation of papers inimical to the restored dynasty. But it grew with what it fed upon, and when, early in 1827, the National Guards were broken up for demanding a Free Press, the suppression of literature took forms that are almost incredible when we reflect that they were imposed upon the most cultivated capital of the world in the nineteenth century.

A capable and zealous priest, apparently a man of excellent intentions, the Abbé Mutin, offered himself and was accepted as the cat's-paw of the Government, and his "reports" became more and more sweeping. The cleverest writers of the day being the most revolutionary, literary merit itself became offensive to the Abbé Mutin. He discovered "outrages and attacks on the king, on morality, and on religion," in the most unlikely, and, one would have thought, the most innocent quarters. No less a person than Chateaubriand, having published a harmless brochure, *Les amis de la liberté de la presse*, immediately found his own writings condemned *en masse*. The classics did not escape. Voltaire, whom the Abbé Mutin called "the Great Corruptor," was not unnaturally condemned, but Le Sage and Beaumarchais soon followed. The Abbé Mutin pursued his studies, and the *Télémaque*

of Fénelon fell before him. La Rochefoucauld was banned and even the mild and virtuous Vauvenargues prohibited. Pascal had long been on the Index of the Roman Congregation. If the king had not died, it seems probable that pious Frenchmen would have found the whole of their classical literature by degrees denied to them. So, with ourselves, it would be easy for a censorship, slowly developing in a fanatical direction, to discover indecency in Shakespeare, attacks on the monarchy in Milton, irreligion in Shelley, and a dangerous tendency to dwell on the details of sedition in Walter Scott.

The discussions which have been provoked this winter by the attempt to institute a censorship of books cannot fail to be of public service. But it is not wise that those who engage in them should, on either side, speak otherwise than with respect of their opponents.

The entire controversy does no more than present, once again, that universal instinct which leads every active mind either to hide from excess of light by looking back on the past, or to seek for a further blaze in the unexplored horizons of the future. Those who shrink from liberty, and would artificially restrain its exercise, are but following an honorable impulse. We desire to acknowledge the excellence of their intentions and the purity of their motives. But we regret their imperfect comprehension of the laws of history, or rather their want of perception of the conditions of life. While mankind remains unaltered, and while there is not a single psychological manifestation in human character which we do not recognize as having existed in the early centuries of its history, the superficial part of conduct is improving every day, becoming more reasonable, more decent, more uniform. We may, or we may not, in this amelioration of the surface, see the evidences of hypoc-

risky. For my own part, I would rather see those of restraint, the want of means to do ill deeds preventing ill deeds from being done. Of the outward improvement there can be doubt only among those who are not acquainted with the records of the past.

Society, therefore, in its guarded conditions and its restricted opportunities, can be trusted, and must be trusted, to look after its literature itself. The responsibility should not be shifted from the head of each family to a semi-official and legally non-recognized tribunal of three or of thirty. We must

*The English Review.*

not permit, at the behest of a momentary alarm, those who are more anxious to preserve the moral balance of the young than to extend their sensibilities or to develop their intellect—we must not permit the most earnest and admirable of these monitors to tamper, further than the wisdom of the law directs, with the liberty of books. These moralists must be informed that there is something far worse than a liability to error, and that is, to be prevented from reaching, through a belt of error, up to higher and broader manifestations of the unconjectured Truth.

*Edmund Gosse.*

### STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

Any one who studies attentively the Mediæval Age, from the first indications of nationalization to the end of the thirteenth century, will be struck by the fusion in it of certain qualities rarely found in combination. Those qualities are a strenuous and virile energy, on the one hand, and a spirit of mystical, quiescent contemplation on the other. Of these two, one was indigenous to Western life, the other was an exotic. One was destined to increase and develop, and by-and-bye to assert almost absolute dominion over the Western mind; the other, after illuminating Western life with a strange beauty and a strange inspiration, was fated to die gradually out and pass almost completely away.

So opposed in their nature do these qualities appear, that when we turn back into history and fix our attention on the scenes and occasions which display their rival influences we seem to be dealing with the history of different races and ages. The occasions which display the influence of the virile energy of that age testify to a temperament, a racial character, a point of view apparently inconsistent with the

ideals and aspirations of the contemplative faculty. What are the motives which underlie the mediæval strenuousness? The chief and common motive, you would say, was an extraordinarily vivid consciousness of the significance of materialism. In this the Aryan race, even in its youthful, barbaric days, differs from other races. What lends animation and interest to Aryan barbarism is the vigorous grasp it has of the concrete—a grasp which seems at once to express the race's recognition of the opportunities latent in this material universe, together with its own determination to make the most of them. The young of this virile breed set to work upon their surroundings like men who perceive in those surroundings the plastic material in which all their new purposes and thoughts are to receive expression. It would almost seem as if, from the very first, there had existed among the wandering tribes destined to national advancement an instinctive consciousness of what was in store for them. The struggles they waged, whether against the declining Empire they invaded or amongst each other, were never merely

destructive. They were struggles for opportunities, for the right to build cities and own land, and increase and expand and develop. These barbarians, however rude, seem aware already of what the future holds for them.

Need I remind the reader of the many aspects under which this practical, energetic spirit reveals itself through the Mediæval Age? It penetrates mediæval life, and belongs equally to all classes. Do we speak of knights and barons? Our imagination pictures a set of men, fierce, active, relentless, covetous, for the most part living a life of wild-beast isolation, and as prompt as wild beasts to seize and rend. "Thieves and thugs and smiters," as Mr. Chesterton calls them, they may have been, but we admit the virility of the type. Virile, too, is the word for the communes, for those early associations or brotherhoods of citizens, gilds, as they were called, whose history stretches back into the age of Charlemagne, and out of which developed the corporate townships and boroughs and the sense of what we call citizenship. To stand by each other, to resist oppression, to claim and enforce their rights and privileges and independent charters, to invest insignificant units with the strength arising from combination—such were the motives which called the gilds into being. Were the barons fierce. The burghers were no less fierce. The crossbow twanged defiance to the glitter of the lance. King Nicolas, who had slain the alderman of the Sleswig gild when he came to that town in 1130, was solemnly warned not to enter. Nevertheless, he rode in at the head of his bodyguard with the scoff: "What should I fear from these tanners and shoemakers?" Upon which the gildsmen tolled their bell and banged their gates, and, mustering their men, forthwith slew the king and as many

of his retainers as offered resistance.<sup>1</sup>

We need not dwell on this aspect of mediæval life. It is the one most familiar to us. We all know in what rude fashion the cradle of our liberties was rocked. But there is another aspect of that life which is also familiar to us, and this, too, had its associations and leagued brotherhoods. Not less frequent and ubiquitous, not less flourishing, scarcely, after their manner, less influential, the monasteries play almost as conspicuous a part in mediæval life as the boroughs. Institutions on a scale so universal must obviously be inspired by a positive and creative idea, and the idea at the root of monasticism has been the same in all ages and among all races. Throughout the East, among the desolate Egyptian mountains or the deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia, as later in Christian Europe, from time to time, whenever seclusion and asceticism have become rulers of life, we find the same motive at work. Not through the faculty of reason, so the recluses of all lands have argued, can a man attain to complete spiritual insight. Reason dwells on earth, and its business is to explain the things of earth. It can never yield us more than that dim and faint testimony to the spiritual order which materialism itself contains. Like comprehends like. For the contemplation of the spiritual order man needs a faculty spiritual in its own essence. And such a faculty he possesses. The soul is to man his spiritual eye, by which he is instructed and enlightened. But to use it to this end it is necessary that the attention and the will be concentrated on the act of spiritual perception, and that the suggestions of reason, together with the whole order of the temporal and finite which is reason's subject matter, should be silenced and shut out. Hence the use and purpose of seclusion

<sup>1</sup> Lajo Brentano, in his *Introduction to Toulmin Smith's "English Gilds,"* quoted in an old Danish Chronicle to this effect.



and asceticism. Whenever and wherever soul rather than intellect has been regarded as the paramount instructor, the inclination towards seclusion and asceticism has invariably asserted itself. Spiritual insight, as the ascetics all tell us, is an emotional state of being rather than a mental process. It is not attained by thinking, but by checking thought. Let the universe and all objects be as though they were not; let the breath be stilled, the very heart-beats suspended, the consciousness of physical existence annihilated; and by degrees spiritual consciousness will take the place of physical, and, passively surrendering his whole being to contemplation, the visionary will be drawn on into a complete fusion with and realization of spiritual existence. Three times, as Porphyry relates, did the great Neoplatonist, Plotinus, attain to that state of self-obliteration in the infinite, which is the blue ribbon of mysticism, and which in its essence, as a state of being, is emotional, not intellectual, and appeals to pure feeling rather than to thought.

But from whence was the mysticism which blends so strangely with mediæval life derived? It was not indigenous to the West. It was drawn from the East. Before and during the Classical Age, while all of the West that counts was being saturated with pure intellectualism, the East was already brooding over its one and only thought of spiritual vision. This thought the Greeks themselves, when they had run the intellectual solution to a standstill, came in contact with and fell in love with, and, under manifold philosophical disguises, introduced into the West. With it came its inevitable attendant. It has been denied that Western monasticism was copied from an Eastern model. That may be true, but can anyone watch the change which took place in the Western mind and point of view, following on the introduction

of palpably Oriental conceptions, without admitting that Eastern influences so acted on the West as to make monasticism for it, too, a necessary means of self-expression? It is noticeable that the rigor of monasticism—that is to say, the insistence on the idea of seclusion and asceticism—is always in proportion to the mysticism it stands for. In the East, where mysticism is undiluted, seclusion and asceticism have been carried to their most terrible extremes. In that nearer East which may be said to be the meeting-ground of East and West, and which has been most largely influenced by Greek ideas, mysticism was mitigated by intellectualism, and the ascetic system shorn of some of its terrors, and to some slight extent adapted to human limitations. In the more essentially rational West, where mysticism is, after all, but a guest, the monastic ideal, austere or inhuman as it may seem to us, was comparatively genial, besides being more practically useful. The rule of St. Benedict, as it was less transcendental than the rule of St. Basil, and had less in it of the undiluted spirit, so it was more moderate in its austerities and took more cognizance of the weakness of flesh and blood. More than that, it so far recognized the world that it made provision for the exercise of other faculties than itself, a concession quite outside the ken of Oriental asceticism, and even encouraged thought and study, the acquisition of knowledge and intellectual activity.

Still the point to be born in mind is that the inclination towards seclusion and asceticism, always apparent in the East in conjunction with a certain mode of apprehension, when that mode of apprehension was imported into the West travelled westward also in the wake of it. The thought, the aspiration behind asceticism is Eastern; at least, it is more fixed and indigenous in the East than in the West. At the



same time it always utters itself in similar terms. From the Far East, the Near East and the West, Yājñavalkya Plotinus and Thomas à Kempis all talk the same language. They all bear witness to the bliss of passive spiritual contemplation, which is really the ascetic impulse. This is the strain, a strain of deep emotional feeling, passive and still in its nature, and, indeed, dependent on clearness and calmness of soul for its very power to be and act—this is the spiritual strain which penetrates mediæval life, and yet while penetrating seems scarcely to belong to it. It is difficult to reconcile the ideal of contemplation with the strenuous habits which prevail in the society of the period. No doubt every institution, profession or class, must draw its supplies of ideas as well as members from contemporary life; yet who would have guessed that the eager, energetic temper which seems to prevail in most aspects of mediævalism would have yielded adequate sustenance to such an ideal as monasticism? Who, studying the social, political and communal activities of the period, would have looked to find, growing freely out of their rough turbulence and mysteriously feeding upon it, haunts of dreamy contemplation and passive, meditative repose? Not less seems the contrast the writer remembers between the shaggy trees of mountain jungles and the clusters of wax-white orchids that, high up in the gloom, broke from the rude bark in which they had so unexpectedly taken root.

The reader will interject, perhaps, that there was plety as well as turbulence in mediæval citizenship, and that, as for the monasteries, they harbored a good deal of a very different nature to spiritual contemplation. It is true that mediæval life abounded in plety, but its manifestations are for the most part of the downright practical kind adapted to the spirit of the age. Take the

most prominent of all those manifestations, the Crusades. Were not the Crusades the natural fruit of an age of physical energy? There is nothing mystical or of the contemplative nature about the Crusades. Their aim, the recovery of the Sepulchre, their means, the warlike spirit of a robust people tipped with the steel point of chivalry, were of a crude and intelligible simplicity, perfectly adapted to the prevailing intellectual conditions. Hence the irresistible force of their appeal. It may be noted how precisely similar, several centuries earlier, had been the same kind of inspiration to a race in the same stage of development. The Arab conquests were impelled by the same motives, the same literal-minded faith and exuberant physical energy, as the European Crusades. Both were expressions of religious enthusiasm in the terms of strength and valor characteristic of those times and peoples; and the headlong zeal which animated both proves how perfectly such an estimate of plety suited the temper of the age.

As for the much else besides contemplation contained in monasticism, as for the abuses and excesses of the system, that is to say, these need not detain us, for they do not constitute a relevant objection. We are seeking for the inward creative impulse, the cause of being, of these institutions, not for the symptoms of their disease or decadence. Their cause of being is the strong tincture of mysticism in the age which, not satisfied with translating the spiritual idea into terms of physical energy, aspired to behold it as it is in itself through the exercise of a kindred faculty. This it is which is so palpably Eastern. The reader will remember that, of the early fathers, those who had been educated in the Eastern culture, and particularly the Alexandrians, Origen and Clement, recognized two distinct modes of faith:

simple faith, or faith by hearsay, as it may be called, and faith by direct vision. Those only of the latter order were the true knowers, γνωστικοί. They saw with the soul. It is, as I have said, an Eastern thought. Christianity, though it utilized, did not introduce it. It was flowing into the West, and had already modified and transformed the character of Western intelligence, before Christianity appeared upon the scene. Dimly we may conjecture the need for such a fusion of East and West as foundation essential for a faith which was to appeal equally to the emotional and intellectual faculties. But in any case the change of the classical into the Christian temperament cannot be said to be due primarily to the action of Christianity itself, nor, as is sometimes argued, to the coming of the new races. The change from intellectual to emotional was operating independently, and was due to the breaking down of the barriers between East and West and the consequent flowing westward of Oriental emotionalism.

Of the two motives we have just glanced at in mediæval life it was not the mystical impulse which was to expand and develop, but the practical and realistic tendency, of which the communes were the centre. Realism, not spiritualism, was to dominate Western culture. The Renaissance, with its powerful emphasizing of intellectualism, was but an expression or fructification of the strong practical instinct of the mediæval mind. A man of the thirteenth century, awakening in the seventeenth or eighteenth, would have found little in the prevalent ideas concerning government, science and the industries of life which he would not have readily accepted. The essentially rational bias of his mind would have adapted it to receive all that the Renaissance had to offer. Nevertheless, accepting modern life, he would have

looked round for something that had dropped out of it. What, among all this reasoning and analyzing and investigating, had become of the old thought of spiritual vision? What indeed! In Eastern life, as all who know that life are aware, the exclusive cultivation of the mystical faculty has led to intellectual atrophy and the soaking of Oriental life in the spirit of dreamy quiescence which mysticism engenders. So also in Western life the tendency of exclusive intellectual cultivation was to atrophy the mystical faculty and drench life in the material estimates which intellect can best handle. The growth, in short, of intellect in the West is seen not more in its own progress than in its rival's decline. As the time drew on for the birth of the age of reason, men's thoughts assumed a more definite mundane cast. People sometimes argue that the decay of monasticism was due to laxity within the religious orders. No, granting the laxity, the decay of monasticism was due to and symptomatic of, the decline of the contemplative instinct throughout the West. While that spirit lasted monasticism kept its health, for it had in life that which it could feed on. It may be that it was necessarily a transitory ideal. It may be that a rational basis is indispensable to durability of faith, and can bring about a spiritual realization more satisfying because more intimately allied to life than mysticism conceived of. We are attempting no positive estimates. All we say is that the idea of abstract mystical contemplation was a vital force in the Mediæval Age and during the condition of mediæval society, and that it was not until it ceased to be such that those who had hitherto looked to that source for their felicity began to seek it in carnal luxuries and indulgences.

It seems, then, that through the mediæval epoch there runs a vein of mystical emotion, which apparently ema-

mates originally from the East, and which gradually dies out and disappears as we approach the Renaissance, or age of reason. But what I wish now to point out is that this mystical instinct, though doomed to decay, was strong enough at the period of its greatest ascendancy—that is, during the thirteenth century—to leave an indelible impression of itself on the art of the age. The reader knows that mediæval, or what we call Gothic, art is remarkable for its extraordinarily vivid representation of the life it proceeded from. Mediæval art gives us with incomparable vigor the realistic and practical side of the mediæval mind, and it gives us also, in its soaring lines and slender, needle-like spires, with their impulse of actual ascent, an equally emphatic expression of that literal-minded piety which animates the Crusades. But there is something more in mediæval art than this. There is a note of strange, deep color, solemn and dreamy, which seems in the Gothic interior, amid the strenuous, active lines and battling vaults, to fill much the same place as the mystical faculty filled in mediæval life. In England we are badly off for early stained glass, for glass of the thirteenth century, and we are not therefore generally very familiar with its character and effect. We must visit the French cathedrals to appreciate its full significance. The cathedrals of France—Reims, Le Mans, Bourges, above all Chartres—differ from our English cathedrals, from York and Canterbury, in that the quantity and completeness of their glass is sufficient to envelop the whole interior in a single scheme of solemn chiaroscuro and vivid glowing tints, whereas the English examples are of so fragmentary a nature that they cannot achieve anything approaching unity of effect, and a few isolated and local spots or shafts of color is all they amount to. It is impossible to estimate the effect

of stained glass under such conditions. The difference between such isolated color-spots and a color-scheme which floods a whole church with its rich beams and dark shadows is the difference between the measured approval or admiration which we bestow on a particular object, and one of those overwhelming emotional moods which seem imposed upon us by our whole environment and which we accept as unquestioningly as the air breathed by us. No one can submit to the influence of one of the great French interiors without perceiving that his total emotional effect was the end aimed at and steadily held in view. It is an effect at once so powerful, and at the same time so markedly peculiar in character and quality that it is impossible to doubt for a moment that it expressed or embodied a human impulse, an impulse of like quality to itself, in the life of that age which craved and found this outlet for itself in art.

Mr. Lewis Day, in his admirable work on stained windows, of which a third edition has lately appeared, speaks from time to time of the profound emotional influence of the great examples of the art. "To sit there," he writes of Chartres, "upon some summer afternoon, when the light is softened by a gentle fall of rain, is to be thrilled by the beauty of it all. It is as though, in a dream, you found yourself in some huge cavern, lit only by the light of jewels, myriads of them gleaming darkly through the gloom. It is difficult to imagine anything more mysterious, solemn, or impressive." He adds the tale told of a child "sitting for the first time in his life in some French church, awed by the great rose window facing him, when all at once the organ burst into music, and it seemed to him, he said, as if *the window spoke*. Words could not better express than that," adds Mr. Day, "the powerful impression of early mosaic glass, the sol-

eminity of its beauty, the way it belongs to the grandeur of the great church, the something deep in us vibrating in answer to it."

Uncertain and vague in form and outline, conveying no very distinct meaning, telling no story, yet of the utmost intensity and richness of color, these early windows are in their nature sensuous rather than intellectual. They address themselves to the feelings. And this they do purposely and deliberately. Many people seem to imagine that the aim of the twelfth and thirteenth century craftsmen was to embody in his window the meaning of a picture, to depict a scene, and that this was done rudely and imperfectly owing to his imperfect technical skill. But the purpose of the early craftsman was not this at all. In the methods he adopted he was not influenced by any consideration of facility of form delineation, but simply by the results he was able to obtain in color. Rich, deep, and pure color was the end he sought. If the methods he employed refused to adapt themselves to the representation of form, that did not trouble him provided they yielded the right results in color. Color, not form, was his object, as the means he adopted as well as the effects he achieved prove. Early glass, or pot metal, as it is called, was obtained by fusing the molten glass in the pot with metallic oxide, by which means the glass was colored all through and the depth and lustre of tint obtained which are its peculiar characteristics. But such glass lent itself necessarily very clumsily to the purposes of draughtsmanship. Each particle of color was represented by a separate fragment of glass, ruby, or sapphire blue, or emerald green, as the case might be, and each fragment had to be separately leaded into its place in the general design. It follows that the subject matter of the early windows is of the rudest possible description, yet

so little does this signify that, as everyone knows, early glass can be used to this day in collected fragments and particles, without any regard to the original design, to form a mere blazonry of splendid color. Beautiful effects have been obtained in this way by collecting broken bits of early glass and patching them together. So far as subject matter is concerned they are, of course, a mere jumble, but they attract none the less powerfully by their beauty of color, and the fact that they thus attract by color when all significance of form has departed—nay, the fact that the obliteration of form has not apparently diminished in any way the charm of such windows—is a remarkable testimony to the truth of Mr. Day's assertion that "the beauty of early glass is in its color, not in its form."

Each age adopts or invents the artistic methods suited to express its own feelings or ideas. The Mediæval Age invented the pot-metal system, which was a color system. Later, as the Renaissance approached and men inclined more and more to trust reason and intellect, when the tendency was for ideas to grow more definite and less emotional, a process was developed in accordance with these new requirements. This process consisted in coloring the glass by painting over its surface by hand and then burning the hand-painting into the glass. By these means a facility and freedom in drawing figures and depicting scenes were attained which had been quite absent from the earlier method. It was no longer necessary to use separate glass fragments framed in leaden strips for each tint. Gradations of color and the modelling of forms could now be freely rendered by hand. The glass was no longer color, but a surface to be colored. The change made itself felt in two directions. Form, subject-painting, the desire to depict a scene, to describe an event, became more and more

the object of window-painting. But at the same time, unnoticed, as we may suppose, and unregretted, for men's desires were turned elsewhere, the glory of color of the old windows faded away. Surface painting could render form freely, but it could not render color as the old style had rendered it. Each age achieved that which it sought. The earlier age sought and achieved incomparable richness of color, but left unsolved the problem of form. The later age took up that problem and solved it; but even while it was in the act of solving it, while its hand grew more facile and subtle, and its rendering of its subject-matter more delicate, exact and skilful, there was ebbing out of it all the time, surely and steadily, that deep and jewel-like glow which the earlier craftsmen had set their whole hearts upon attaining.

It is upon the earlier style that I wish to concentrate the reader's attention. It appears that, in the pursuit of pure color, the early craftsman kept in view, as a test or standard of comparison, the color of gems. They worked, Mr. Day thinks, "in imitation of precious stones." The glass they turned out "actually went by the name of ruby, sapphire, emerald, and so on," and it was even fabled that sapphires themselves were ground down and mixed with the molten glass to give it its deep blue tint. Such a standard of comparison indicates the preference accorded in thirteenth century work to the motive of color. At the same time, while the glazier used gems as the test of his individual tints, his blue and red and green, it was not from any arrangement of gems that he had conceived the idea of colored-glass design.

The Byzantine enamellers, with the same end in view of making pure and perfect colors, had already produced work like enough in its methods to glazing to serve as a model. We have but to think, as Mr. Day reminds us, of

a plaque of translucent Byzantine enamel and "imagine it magnified manifold to realize how likely it is that it was from enamel the Gothic glaziers first took the idea of colored windows." Mr. Day supports this conclusion with various arguments, into which I cannot here enter. But, indeed, the derivation is, I believe, accepted. The Abbé Tercier, after pointing out that the art of staining glass arose in the neighborhood of Limoges and under the influence of its famous school of enamellers, goes on to remark that there was a close connection of long standing between Limoges itself and Venice. A Venetian colony of glass-workers had established itself in Limoges as early as 979, through which the influence of the East on the Western school of enamellers was immediately exerted. Of course, the same influence—what we call the Byzantine influence—to a greater or less extent affected all Europe, but it was for the most part a fitful and variable influence. Wherever anything like direct contact with the East was set up it never failed to dominate Western artistic ideals, while at the same time the more untouched and remoter districts were almost entirely cut off from it. Herself profoundly Orientalized, Venice was as much the exchange between East and West in matters of art as in matters of merchandise, and the close connection set up by Limoges with Venice was tantamount to a close connection with Constantinople. Via Venice the East darted into the heart of Europe a motive which was to produce great effects on European art.

What that motive was may be explained in a sentence. It was the recognition of color as, in itself, a sufficing artistic ideal. I have once or twice before, in dealing with other aspects of art, had occasion to point out in this *Review* that what always distinguishes Oriental color is its own glow and



richness, apart from definite meanings or explanatory purposes attaching to it. The East feeds on color and is content. The West regards color as a property of things, and thinks of it in connection with the objects to which it belongs. The difference is the difference between intellectual and sensuous or emotional apprehension. An intellectual people, a people whose instinct it is to examine and define, to analyze the contents, construction, uses and significance of all it sees, will utter itself in the artistic sphere in the arts of form. Form is the intellectual act of definition, and whoever observes any great and decisive movement of intellectual development against a background of comparative barbarism—such, for example, as the Greek intellectual movement or the Renaissance intellectual movement—will remark that the awakened intellectual sense expresses itself at once in art in a new and almost startling realization of the significance of form. And yet the very strength of this perception of the value of form carries with it a danger to another great artistic vehicle. A people whose intelligence is always active, always scrutinizing, separating, defining, a people in love with the quality of form in things, will inevitably subordinate emotional considerations to its own intellectual mode of apprehension. But what does that mean? It means that such a people, the more it exalts form, the more it will tend to treat color as a mere attribute of form and one of the means of distinguishing and appraising it. Such a use of color cannot and does not disengage its full power and influence, for it does not accord with the nature of color. The nature of color, considered in itself, is not intellectual, but emotional. Color does not address itself to the understanding, but directly to the feelings. When, however, it is subjected to form it is subjected to an intellectual valuation. Its

meaning, or interpretation, must be correct. It must, like a good adjective, rightly describe the form it belongs to. Its primary value, therefore, ceases to be its own intrinsic, emotional value, and becomes the intellectual value which it derives from form.

Let the reader look around him anywhere in the West; let him look at our clothes, our furniture, our ornaments, at our churches and cathedrals, or at the orderly streets of our great cities. Inevitably he will notice this, that the quality of form in things is the governing quality, that it is this which is brought out and articulated with care and accuracy, and that, if color is used at all, it is used decoratively, or as it may be called descriptively—that is, in subordination to form and as a means for its more attractive definition. But let him look around in the East and he will find the very opposite of this. It might seem that forms here have all been made of wax, so melted down are they as if by the hot sun's action. Not a line is true, not a surface smooth, not a shape exact. And as the forms have melted so have the colors run. Forms which are not strong and accurate cannot retain control over color. It slips from their grasp. It ceases to be decorative and descriptive. The intellectual value it drew from form it loses, but it regains in the act its own intrinsic emotional value. Has the reader ever wandered in those most characteristic of all Eastern scenes, the bazaars of some old Arab or Persian city? In the soft twilight what a glow reigns! The passages are mere tunnels rudely scooped out; through occasional gratings a beam or two struggles down into the interior; the shops are holes in the wall, or smugglers' caves stuffed with rich bales and cargoes. Whence does the color come? You hardly know. Some comes from those heaps of carpets and glimmering gold embroideries which are half hidden in the shop-hole



and half disgorged on to the ground without. Some is contributed by the turbans and garments of the silent-footed figures that drift past in the gloom. But, indeed, it seems to belong to nothing very definitely. It burns in the shadows and dies away in the darkness, pertaining apparently less to particular objects than to the glow in which the whole interior is wrapt.

Such is a glimpse of Oriental life—a glimpse of the surroundings which Eastern habit unconsciously fashions for itself to dwell in. How is the same idea uttered in art? Let us imagine ourselves standing under the mosaic domes and vaults of a Byzantine church. Here, again, is the twilight of rich color. The light is very dim. Through the dark shadows the gold of the background burns. From inlaid figures of saints or angels a beam of crimson or azure shines in the dim air. But these colors define no objects. There are, strangely enough, no objects to define. The old exact forms, architraves, archivolts, cornices, and the rest of them have disappeared. Their place is taken by deep-curved apses and softly hollowed domes and simple ponderous vaults, the undulations of which seem all to mingle and fuse together in a single over-arching, uneven canopy, kneaded out by color and dark gold. How wonderful and deep is the effect of such tints—tints which awaken no particular and discriminating attention, but which blend with the darkness and the shadows, which enfold us in their mystery and richness, and which, insensibly to ourselves, call forth in us a mood like to that which they portray.

And now from the East itself let us glance at the East's influence on the West. What is the secret of Venetian color? What is the difference between a Tintoretto or a Titian and any two of the Florentines? It is obvious enough. The Florentines use color in the West-

ern way, to define form, while the Venetians use it in the Eastern way, for its own sake—that is to say, they create a powerful suffusion of color and chiaroscuro, in the mingled richness and darkness of which the limitations of form are consumed and obliterated.

We have taken three examples of Oriental color—an ordinary Eastern bazaar, a church of the style adapted from the color-instinct of the Persians, and the school of painting of a city knit to the East by the dearest ties of dependence and self-interest. All these are alike; where shall we find a fourth to add to their number? The reader is standing inside the west door of Chartres. The place is dark, or at least very dim, but the gloom that pervades it is shot and indescribably mingled with the beams of ruby and azure and golden brown cast by the multitude of thirteenth-century windows by which the interior is rather colored than lit. "It is as though, in a dream, you found yourself in some huge cavern, lit only by the light of jewels, myriads of them gleaming darkly through the gloom." The reader does not need to be told that this kind of coloring is essentially Oriental in character. He is quite prepared for Mr. Day's statement that "colored glass comes to us from the East," and the Venetian connection with Limoges falls into place as an expected link and opportune solution. The fact is that stronger than any extrinsic evidence is the intrinsic evidence of the color itself. All that we said about color for color's sake, as contrasted with color used to define form, applies here with signal force. I have already pointed out that the methods of the early glaziers were especially adapted to the attainment of the deep, jewel-like tints in which they delighted, but were very ill-adapted to the representation of form. The effects that reign in Chartres Cathedral were latent

in the first processes of the art of window-staining. They guided the craftsman's earliest experiments and drew him on step by step along the road that ended here. Alike in the original motive and in this its final achievement, the value of color, the power of color to suffice and satisfy, is the guiding thought. That is the Oriental note in art as in life. In the East color is stronger than form. In the West form is stronger than color. But when we say this let us not forget what we imply by it. We imply that in the West the intellectual mood of defining and formulating predominates, whereas in the East the emotional and contemplative mood predominates. The visitor to Chartres will feel this. He will feel that not only have we here a very striking and wonderful exhibition of color, but that the color is of a kind which affects him in a peculiar way, which appeals with force to one particular side of his nature. He will, in short, acknowledge the emotional influence of a style of coloring which seems by its own intensity to have burnt up the forms and shapes of things, and therefore addresses itself wholly to the feelings and not at all to the understanding. I gather that Mr. Day, appreciative critic though he is, rather resents, or is sometimes a little oppressed by, the emotional character of early glass. "A sense of color in which there is no too definite form to break the charm" has its fascination for him; but yet "there comes a point in our satisfaction in mere beauty," he thinks, "at which we feel the want of a meaning in it." The remark is interesting, and worth quoting because it represents the typical Western standpoint in matters of art. All the same it does not convey his final judgment; it was spoken in a moment of mental restlessness. He, and we too, have in us a mood which can respond to the mood depicted there in the church. We

feel with him that "something deep in us" vibrates in answer to the mystery, the brooding richness and the splendor of the twilight in which we stand. How should we not feel it? We, too, are of the East, and, cased as we are in Western intellectualism and scientific tricks, there are fountains of feeling not yet dried up in us. Something deep in us, something deeper than Athens, deeper than the Renaissance, recognizes the inarticulate language of the soul. It is the East, the echo of what we once were. We have not lost that most ancient heritage. We retain it, but as a subconscious instinct only. It has never in the West blossomed into spontaneous expression. Whenever in art the signs of it are seen, whenever the beauty of art resides "in its color, not in its form," traces of a direct inspiration from the East will be discernible.

The reader will perhaps disagree with what I am about to add. I suggested in the early part of this article that the element of emotional contemplation which runs through mediævalism strikes one as more or less at variance with the character of the robust and strenuous mediæval life. Personally I feel the same about stained glass and Gothic architecture. There is an incongruousness of idea between them. It may not detract from their effect, but it is there. The root idea of Gothic is visibly articulated construction. Its whole system of lofty vaults, precariously balanced and pressing each against each, is an active system of thrust and counter-thrust, and the significance of the architecture depends largely on the vividness with which it explains, by the intercommunication of its lines and ribs and buttresses, its structural intentions to the onlooker. So vividly does the style do this that the forces which animate it seem visibly to flow off its vaults, like streams from mountain sides, till they converge

and run to earth in the piers and flying buttresses which support the whole structure. The whole effect, indeed, of Gothic architecture is so much felt to depend on this process of vivid articulation that it is the boast of the style that even its ornament and slightest decorative details are in their nature structural—that is to say, that they serve but to emphasize and draw attention to the main constructive design. I think that if, before we had any knowledge of the ultimate effects of Gothic, this structural idea had been explained to us, so that we realized how much the style depends for its effect on the clear articulation of its constructive purpose, we should be very far from associating such an idea with the semi-darkness and dim, rich mystery of such an interior as that of Chartres. I do not question the fascination of the result, but I cannot help feeling that between this vigorously expressed structural scheme and the twilight of rich color which veils and obscures it there is a certain profound incongruity, and that the incongruity is precisely the same in character as that which seemed to exist in mediæval life itself between its strenuously active impulses and the mystical, contemplative instinct which so strangely haunted it.

In what has been said I have endeavored, necessarily very imperfectly and briefly, and trusting much to the reader's willingness to eke out my argument with his own supplementary knowledge, to indicate the common origin and natural connection between something in mediæval life and something in mediæval art. We have, on the one hand, a vein of mysticism running through mediæval life, which may be traced, through many ducts and channels, mainly Hellenic, and of which Neoplatonism is perhaps the chief, to its home in the East. On the other hand, we have a suffusion of glowing

color, an equally marked and peculiar trait in mediæval art, which may also be traced back, as experts agree, to a like source. Further, between these two, between the mystical mood which deliberately excludes the actual that it may indulge its inclination for purely emotional contemplation, and the gorgeous yet solemn color-scheme which dissolves and veils the exactitudes of form-definition that it may make its own influence the more felt, there exists, as it seems to me, a similitude of character which all susceptible minds must feel and acknowledge. When we find two such phenomena as these confronting and, as it were, balancing each other, living and flourishing together, and together declining and dying out, is it a forced conclusion to suppose that they are united as cause and effect, and that the emotional scheme of color, as I may call it, is the expression in terms of art of the mysticism in mediæval life?

There remains one word to add in support of this conclusion. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in England were centuries of gradual preparation for the Renaissance. Those centuries are marked, in life, by the secularization of the national mind and character and the development of rational habits of thought. In the branch of art we are concerned with they are signalized by the fading of the earlier rich and solemn coloring and the substitution of a style in which the significance of form and subject is the ruling motive. I have heard many explanations of this artistic change. To me the satisfying explanation is that color in art died out and gave place to form because in life mysticism was dying out and giving place to intellectualism.

Would the reader like to ask himself how it is with us now? We realize the beauty and feel the influence of these old windows far more than we used to

do. It was but lately they were reckoned barbaric; now they are prized at their weight in gold. But what else? Can anyone read contemporary literature without being aware that the spirit

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of mysticism is yearly more and more influencing and coloring the mind of the age? Whence come, to-day, these mystical currents of thought? They come from the East.

*L. March Phillipps.*

## AS IT HAPPENED.

### BOOK VII.

#### FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE LAST.

The yard, garden, or to give its own name, the *patio* of the little Spanish house in Prince Frederic Street went clambering away up the Rock in a series of ramps quarried out of the limestone. From terrace number one you looked into the first floor windows through a trellis overrun with major periwinkle and Provence rose. Terrace number two was level with the eaves of the house, whilst from the one above it you got a glimpse of shipping beyond the roofs below; and it was upon this platform, shaded by a pergola, darkened and cooled by the broad leaves of a citron, that Justin was sitting to take the air upon the afternoon of the day following the return of the *Mary of Yarmouth*.

Three months had slipped away, autumn had come, but the day was oppressively close, hot with the African heat of southern Spain, tempered by the proximity of the ocean. The breeze from off the Atlantic had died away; the rain had stopped, but a warm, steamy mist travelled low over sea and land, constantly absorbed by the dry soil, and constantly renewed from the sea, through which the upper ranges of the Rock jutted into scorching sunshine. The heat up there was terrible, men at Willis's almost fainted as they stood. The sergeant at Rock-gun Battery, who ordinarily could overlook the Spanish lines, so that not a picket was

set without his knowledge, could see nought but the level bank of white cloud three hundred feet below him, whilst the men at the Signal Station might as well have been in the cool depths of St. Michael's Cavern for all they could report.

Nor were the enemy in better case. For aught the besiegers knew, a British convoy might be rounding Cabrita Point with supplies for the hard-pressed garrison.

Heat, inaction, suspense, and not a stroke struck by either side! Guess what chagrins, what heart-eatings and vile tempers did these conditions engender among hot-blooded, brave men thirsting for glory. Many nails were bitten short, but none nearer to the quick than those of General Mendoza, captain-general of the Spanish army of observation.

The Rock had been wrenched from the hold of Spain some seventy years before; the wound was yet raw, and Mendoza, like every man of his race then and since, yearned to restore this lost jewel to his master's crown; a jewel which he felt to the marrow of his bones had been won by a fluke and retained by fraud. (Respect the point of view, O my countrymen! Would it not have been yours if, by the chances of European politics, Dover had been occupied by the Germans in 1832, acting as the agents of a reactionary coalition, and stuck to ever since, in spite of Royal promises of restitution which

an insolent Reichstag refused to ratify? Read English for German and House of Commons for Reichstag, and you have the situation in a nutshell.)

It could be done by hard fighting. How else? And was he not there to fight? Yet, for want of orders he must bite his fingers, watching the British lines being strengthened day by day.

Men he asked for, and more men. Slowly they arrived, so slowly! For his royal master having issued his ultimatum in volume form, was making war by monthly numbers. Worse; private advices apprised Mendoza that he was to be superseded; that the long-promised reinforcements would be entrusted to some titled grandee of the first class, and the memorable, the final blow would be struck by another.

By another! The renown that he coveted, the prize that he yearned to clutch, were never to be his; his pains and preparations must go for worse than naught, would swell the reputation of a rival, a Court favorite, some silken warrior who had never set a squadron in the field, nor the division of a battle knew more than a spinster! Neither were especial inducements wanting. His spies and British deserters agreed that one of the German regiments was disloyal. It would throw down its arms at a summons. Its position was noted.

What does your full-blooded, jealous commander do under such circumstances?

And still the hot, white October mist lay thick across the isthmus.

And on that very afternoon our friend the Colonel, now in the last days of an impatient convalescence, was holding his little court beneath the citron pergola. The place was quiet and most private, for of the storerooms which enclosed both sides of the *patio*, the summer-house at the top of the last terrace and the little

dwelling-house at the bottom, every room opened inward, and those which were not stuffed with provision and wood for the siege were occupied by the three women and their maid.

The officers' mess of the 12th had asked leave to tender personal congratulations to the new commandant upon his completed recovery and, incidentally, to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Hollinghurst the bride-elect.

Not to be burdensome, they would come two at a time.

Their ex-Lieut.-Colonel (Brigadier-General now), the gallant Trigge, led the way, accompanied by Major Tullingborne, Justin's late colleague and present subordinate.

The men were antithetics; the Brigadier stout, short, abrupt, dogmatically orthodox, discharging pious platitudes at suitable intervals, sitting his chair with the solid rotundity and squat erectness with which a cedar-cone sits its branch. His colleague was long in person, limp in posture, and prone to the enunciation of futile profanities in an exhausted undertone; a bore who believed himself a philosopher.

But, behind the ostensible reasons for the call, a secret and reasonable curiosity possessed the minds of both.

This Justin, this new-comer, was an enigma alike to the zealot and the rationalist. At his first joining, the man's prim reticence had conveyed an impression of inadequacy which his adroit courage on the occasion of the drunken mess-waiter's outbreak had only partially dissipated—so hardy a growth is first prejudice when substantiated by a deceptively dapper exterior.

Yet week by week the aura of fine character which environed the man had radiated influence. The plain preference of His Excellency had assisted, a preference to which the Sovereign had set his august seal.

Then, after a week of tragic eclipse, the Colonel had emerged effulgent, scin-

tillating, a monument of resolution and endurance.

How had he achieved it? The feat had been discussed at all the messes; every officer in the garrison had his theory; the two callers had theirs.

"Overruling Providence: there's no other name for it, sir!" remarked Trigge, with a challenging side-glance at his comrade. "Here is Tulkinghorne going to call it something else—wants to know what ye were thinking about all that week; what kept ye up, and so on. Simplest thing in the world, I say—Will of the Almighty. Once admit that, and there ye are"—a second glance. "Look at me, now! Thirty-five years ago come Good Friday I was two steps up the first ladder we fixed against the west epaulement of Schatzheim. Little Tucker, a fellow sub, a brave man, sir, but jealous, shouldered me off my foothold in the abruptest manner (most rudely, I must say) and took my place. But see what followed. Next moment a ball passed through his brain—his head, sir, exactly where mine had been the moment before. And yet"—darting another glance at Tulkinghorne—"there are some who will say there is no such thing as an Over-ruling Providence."

The gallant Trigge, having discharged his shot, glanced around him triumphantly.

Tulkinghorne, after a pause of sufficient duration to beguile his comrade into a premature conceit of victory, uncrossed a pair of thin legs and sighed.

"Stwike me blind, General, but I'm sawy, vewy sawy, not to agwee with ye. 'Tis this way—curse me! how shall I put it? Heah, Justin, ye shall put it faw me. Ye know what I'm dwivin' at; we always did think alike."

But their host lifted deprecating hands, and the bore of the mess mandered on, feeling his way to his meaning unhelped.

"'Tis like this. Twigge is a Chwistian—glories in it."

"I do, sir," assented the General, prompt as a shot.

"I ain't," drawled the other. "But then, I'm none of your Voltaireans. I'm not for Berkeley; I'm not for Hume. No; I ain't a what-ye-may-call-'em, and I'm not a thingummy. I'm just for Luck. We've each of us got to die once, but how and when is fixed——"

"There I'm with ye, sir. Predestination," broke in Trigge, but Tulkinghorne held the floor.

"Just so. We all see alike. Sensible men all same welligion, ye know. Well now, Justin and myself will die in our beds, that's plain. The General, too, vewy likely—*most* likely," for the little warrior was purpling. "In fact, if 'twas a mattah faw a wagah I'd back him to dwah his last bweath between a payah of sheets. . . . As for ye, Colonel, nothin' can kill ye. Lead is no good to ye. . . . Nig-gahs and Fwench have been twyin' faw twenty yeahs. Poor Boyle twied, yet, heah ye are! . . . I am made same way. . . . Not superstitious, ye know; devil a bit! No, there's nothin' of that sort about me. But, all the same, while I cawwy an aggerly bead in my snuff-box——"

"Stuff!" interposed Trigge hotly.

"—But then," continued the man who had emancipated himself from every form of superstition, "with the finest luck in the world in action, I'm the unluckiest devil livin' at cards; yes, 'tis all taken out of me at whist."

"Then, why play?" asked Justin.

"What a question! But, theah again, I am on the mend. . . . When the Jews were sent packin' one of 'em sold me a signet-wing monst'wous cheap—he had wefused better bids fwom the men in the Hardenbergs earlier. 'Twas poor Von Toppler's—see the hands and dice?—the blazon of his house?" He displayed the bezel.



"Lucky at play, all of 'em (so they tell me). He dealt himself a hand of thirteen twumps the night befoah he went out with Stedman of ours. Yaas, I wathah flattah myself I've changed my luck."

Justin listened with a well-bred show of interest, but Trigge, whose under-breath comments were growingly audible, boiled over with a "Blanked heathenism!" and, arising impetuously, took his leave. The Major got to his feet more slowly: there was a note of disappointment in the voices of both: they declined more wine.

At the top of the flight of steps they paused. "Seven mortal days!" said the Brigadier, holding his host's hand, and almost unconsciously continuing some unspoken soliloquy.

"A h—l of a time," remarked Tulkingshorne. "What the doose were ye thinkin' about all the while? Ye must have been thinkin' of somethin.' What kept ye goin'? Ye know what I mean."

"He put his trust in the Almighty," asserted Trigge.

"He backed his luck," said the Major.

Justin glanced from one to the other and divined that the men had discussed him elsewhere. The hospitality of his mien suffered no eclipse, but he smilingly withdrew within his defences and the drawbridge rose. ("My secret is my own.")

"I suppose I was thirsty . . . yes . . . there were days when I could have done with a little something to drink," he smiled. "Want of food did not trouble me as much as ye'd suppose . . . but the cramps—!" he smiled wistfully again, recent additions to the crowsfeet puckering, observant eyes which perceived that these importunate acquaintances were not concerned with physical experiences. "Oh, what kept me up? what gave me warrant for holding out? Let me see.

Shall we say a feeling that there was some work left in me, and a few things that needed doing?"

The visitors took their leave, passing in the *patio* Sue, who had attended the seamen's funeral escorted by Chisholm. The girl, red-eyed and pensive, turned aside to her room. The youth escorted the callers to the street door and returned to Colonel Justin upon the upper terrace, and a grave and preoccupied youth was he.

"A military funeral? The Governor ordered it I ought to have been present. Did all go well?"

"'Twass fine, sir. The strangest ceremony. When the chaplain wass through, the *Mary's* company conduckit their ain sairvice. There's some micht lichtly it for mummery; but I ken them weel. To see the dour, clenched een o' them, the knit broos! And to hear the twa-three prayers; the gaspingest prayers ye ever listened till, ripplit clean frae the hert! Some grat. Boy Titus grat awfu'. Yet the auld skipper wass something stern wi' the laddle."

"Good fellows—God rest their souls!" muttered Justin, capping as he breathed his prayer. "And Susan was there, so?"

"Ay, sir, juist sae, in her Quaker claes. She wad wear naething but what Maister Furley had brocht aboard for her at her sailing. Let them follow the mode that are modish: she went in her saft, sea-gray frock and yon white shawlie, neckercher thing, and, on ma sawl, Colonel, masel', that walked beside her, thocht ilka meenut she wad rise and flee awa—an angel, sir! And, Lord, hoo she grat! The big tears wass rinnin' down her bonnie cheeks. I felt—I felt—"

"You felt?" inquired the Colonel quietly, after an interval, during which the youth failed to complete his sentence.

"Sir, I am a pulir man, as ye ken vara weel."

"There is nothing new in that, John. I am waiting——"

"Colonel, if it wass not that I took ma aith tae good Maister Furley as he lay deeln' that I wad dae it (he made ma tak' it)——"

"Yes, John——"

"Sir, I am nae adventurer, nor a fortune-hunter, nor——"

"You and I know that, John. What news have ye for me, my boy?"

"Oh, Colonel, Colonel! I luvve her; ay, the vara moulds she sets her little fit upo'—I canna help it!" The poor lad was almost sobbing, so terrible was the contest of duty and love with the pride that possessed him.

"And why, in God's name, John, should ye wish 'to help it'? Fetch Sue."

The lad leaped to his feet, but it seemed there was no need for him to stir. Sue, light-footed, shading her head with a white kerchief from the heat which seemed to thrid the mist, was tripping up the rock-hewn steps of the lower terrace. Behind her came more slowly, and talking as he came, a great, gaunt, square-shouldered elder, whose face, hidden by the peak of the cap he wore, seemed set in a bush of white hair. The man took good heed to his footing, bending over his feet and tapping the rock with a mighty hand-staff of carven teak; his gruff voice preceded him.

"Tell him an auld frien' o' his, ma'am. Ian Chisholm o' the Ca Bartolomé. He'll ken nae fear! Ou, ay, I am followin' ye."

The Colonel started and half arose. "Is it possible?" Sue, looking more brilliantly well, and, despite recent grief for a lost friend, happier than we have ever known her, approached, announcing the visitor.

"A gentleman to see you, Colonel, from Madras."

She stood aside, smiling, whilst Justin, with a quick, joyous laugh, almost

dragged his old friend up the last two steps by both hands. Each man pelted his comrade with questions; both laughed loudly, absurdly; it was boyish, it was delightful—to themselves.

To young Chisholm it was merely a deplorably inopportune interruption. His clouded face caught Sue's eye, she smiled meaningly; was it a challenge? She had been softly happy that day, its melancholy business notwithstanding. Whilst weeping beside the grave she had felt an inner current of joy running strongly within for that Another was at her side: Another, who had inexplicably held aloof of late. He had said nothing yet, but there was a something in his manner which told her of what was coming. She divined his trouble; and had not Dray, her dear old Dray, hinted at his friend's scruples?

It was a golden moment all round. The woman rose to the height of the occasion, and the lad, slow in the uptake though he might be, saw his opportunity 'clear and near,' and seized it.

The lovers faded off the scene, sauntering down the Rock steps in the direction of the house, admiring this patch of periwinkle and that spray of rose. Nor, think you, was it in the hearts of Mrs. Lamb or of Julia to spoil sport. They effaced themselves; it might have been a house of the dead when the pair of youngsters crossed its threshold. This small sitting-room and that cool, dusk parlor were open, empty, and fully at their service.

"Some friend of his Indian days," murmured the girl, and had almost given the name, but the man was impatient to be getting to their own matters. "A Scotsman, I jalouse; there sis mony o' my fowk in the East. He maun ha'e come by that fule Indiaman wha held her fire sae lang. They say their forward battery wass buried in cargo, and they could only trust their gunners at point-blank range—the mair

shame till them! Their lubberliness cost guid men's lives!"

The man was talking against time. Nor would the woman help him out by a casual "True, indeed; yes!" When he had done scolding the bad sea-manners of the ship to whose belated intervention he probably owed his life, a silence fell between them.

"Susan," he groaned at length, "what maun I say? I wasna a maitch for ye when ye wass as puir as mase!, and the noo that ye are a gran' leddy——"

"Not another word, John! of that sort, I mean," she cried in a heat of indignation; but the man persisted, so bitter was his pride.

"But, 'tis Cot's truth!—I——" But he must stop, for a soft hand was laid over his mouth. He kissed it and threw up his chin, striving for speech. "Aweel, then, there's naething I can say but juist the ordinar' 'Lassie, I luv'e ye!'"

"And what more than that did I want to hear, John?" She was weeping the happiest tears; he watched her in a mighty awe. Was it done, then? and himself crowned? her accepted lover? She spoke again. "Oh, to think—to think of it! I believe I have been loving you all the time; yes, from the first day, John! You remember the inn at St. Albans (was it not?) where ye set a stool for my feet? And that night under the lamp by Charing Cross? And that bitter cold day in the Park? I must have dropped and died before night but for your guinea, John."

There, then, these two honest young hearts sate in a wonderful new world of their own creation, a private Eden Bower, and in their innocence imagined that not a living soul save themselves knew aught of their loves, whereas that motherly and much-experienced creature, Mrs. Lamb, and Julia, a betrothed woman herself of three months' standing, were hugging one another overhead in pure joy and sympathy.

Such are the ways of women.

Nay, Painter, the staid and self-respecting Painter, was in the secret, and had gone so far as to communicate her version of the facts to Private Noakes, the Colonel's batman, or bearer, as he usually called him from long habit; a tall infantryman of an extreme cleanliness and taciturnity, who still followed his master from house to house like a big dog, albeit no longer permitted to offer him the support of his arm.

Meanwhile the two old friends beneath the citron pergola were enjoying a glorious crack: Presidency news for the most part, the fall of Fletcher, the amazing success of Rumbold and Stuart. The old Scot was the chief speaker.

"Hoo I fand ye? Man, Justin, ye're o'er modest! Why, ilka ither man on the Rock iss crackin' o' ye; the adventures o' Colonel Justin are the talk o' the hale garrison. Nayterally, I thoct the name soonded fameeliar, and cam' a step or twa oot o' ma way tae see if it wass na ma auld frien'. Man, ye've had an awfu' time on't. For that bud-mash, the ither—he's deid; I'll say na mair! But, praise the Lor'd, ye're luv'ing juist fine yersel'. And, did ye find yer wards, they Travis bairnies?"

"No, indeed, that I did not; but after I had run against them blindfold twice or thrice, Heaven grew weary of my stupidity and pushed them both into my hands. Small credit to me, old friend. I am a fool; there's no other word for it!"

"I wad like fine to belt the chiel thot wad pit thot wor'd upo' ye! Though to gae till yer auld enemy's bungalow unairmed as ye did, wass a fule's errand, and I'll say it, gin I wass a deelin' man!" chuckled the ancient Scot, shaking his teak walking-stick. "Aha! an' ye still sairry th' auld mull!" He took a copious pinch from the ewe's horn, once his own. "An' ha'e ye still that

wee dirkie o' mine, the *skene dhu*? Ye have yet to find a man o' ma name, I doot."

The Colonel sat up laughing, and smote his thigh. "Your name—your name!" He laughed again. "Indeed, I am *ulukabatcha*, the very son of an owl. Why, man the young gentleman who was with me when ye came up those steps half an hour since is a Chisholm, but whether of your stock or not, who knows? I have the knife somewhere, but had forgot it. Let us ask the fellow what he knows of his family."

So Eden Bower was invaded all too soon for the lovers; there were steps upon the stones of the *patio*, and a deep-toned northern voice in converse with the Colonel.

"—of Sutherland, ye say?—No of Shinside? 'Tis barely possible."

"John, my boy, we want ye." It was the Colonel speaking. The Ensign, holding Sue's hand in the first bliss of betrothal, released it and came forth. The great white-headed stranger faced him with an exploring eye, which the lad met with the reserved, unsmiling courtesy of a man of a fighting race.

"Mister Chisholm, your sairvant, sir!" said the visitor uncovering, and not waiting for his host's introduction, "I haf the honor to bear your name, sir, a name something by-ordinar; it iss no' ilka day that a man shall be meeting wi' a Chisholm, even gin he live north of the hielan' lue. We are a sma' clan, and sud be acquent, I, masel', am of the Chisholms of Kinloch Shin; and by the Lor'd that made us baith, sae's yersel'!" The laborious politeness of the preamble ended in a breathless rush of words, as the old man strode forward and caught the astonished youth by the shoulders. "Dinna tell me," he cried, "'Tis ma brither's face, his neb, his mou, his een. I kent ye by yer smille! Lauch again—aye, again! Man, we are kin, or the tefle iss in it!

Hoo iss Munro? Hoo iss Alastair and Tonal Beg? Hoo iss Hector? Wha hass Overskaig, and wha hass the wee housie in Corrie Kinloch? Ah, canna ye spik, mon? Dinna ye ken that aw'm deein' for news o' ma auld hame?"

The excitement of the old man, the tremble in his voice, was electric. The lad, who had stood close-lipped and wondering whilst the names of long-dead great-uncles were tossed at him (two in Canada, and one beneath the sods of Culloden), flushed and sparkled at the place-names of his boyhood. Both men burst into a torrent of simultaneous Gaelic, the elder holding the younger by the elbows and rocking him backward and forward as he addressed him in the energies of recognition.

"Major, ma frien' (Colonel, a wad say), and you leddies," he cried, reverting to the English and including the circle of listeners, whom the strength of his joy had drawn to the spot, "this iss a great day for me. I haf the wor'd of my people efter thretty-five years. This iss ta ole o' ma brither Hector, our chief. (Iss he na chief the day, Ian?) Aye, chief o' ta Chisholm. Hector will be wearin' to three eggle's feathers at Overskaig—to think on't!" Another burst of the Gaelic.

He paused at last, the great white bush of beard quivering with joyful emotion, and in the moment of silence that followed a clap of thunder rattled, and every window shook and every wall vibrated.

Justin, still smiling, turned to Julia without haste or discomposure, his old brisk brightness mellowed by some touch of additional gentleness.

"You ladies will excuse us men for a while. My old friend Mr. Chisholm, whom I have not yet had the pleasure of formally presenting to you, Julia (my affianced wife, Chisholm), will be taking a little walk with John. By their leave I go with them."

"Not many steps, Wade, with a storm brewing. You have no cloak, my love. What, again—a very long peal! How it shakes the glass! Did any of you see the flash? Why take your sword, dear? it only tires you. (There it goes again! Oh-h-h!) Why not keep under shelter until it be over?"

The men had reached the street; they turned, smiling upon the ladies, still uncovered.

"I cannot see which way the clouds move," said Julia, peering up from under her hand. "It is thick, but not dark. Don't take him far from shelter, John; something will be falling, and the storms on the Rock are heavy while they last."

Then came a hurtling above the roofs, something struck; there was the rumble of falling stonework and a cloud of white dust, and again and again the thunder rolled and something pitched into the soft ploughed-up earth of the narrow street, a matter of twenty yards away. Far off they heard a drum beat and bugles woke and called.

The women's mouths and eyes rounded with comprehension. It was one of those appalling moments, inevitable, endless, which must surely leave its scar upon the brain. Sue looked upon John, but as quickly turned her head.

Julia sprang to the side of Justin, and clung there, mutely agonizing. He gently strove to disengage her hands, but she refixed them as fast. The clutch grew convulsive. Again the bugles called, yet Justin, in his extremity, possessed himself in smiling patience. There would be time enough for everything, even for this.

"My love will be brave for her soldier's sake," he murmured. "She would not have him stay with her now. He could not love ye so well, dear, if he did not love his duty better!"

Julia Hollinghurst was no heroine,

being merely a piece of loving womanhood, she could not, upon the point of so sudden an emergency, rise to the height of the man of her heart. Her grasp tightened. Still smiling gravely, the Colonel turned to Sue (Mrs. Lamb was helplessly exclamatory, and Painter's head under her apron). It was the girl who intervened, white to the lips herself, and not daring to meet the eye of her lover, she laid her cold hands over the rigid fingers of her friend. At her touch, and at the infection of her silent courage, the finer nature of the other reasserted itself.

"Wade, forgive me! I will be worthy of you, but—Oh! No! I will not faint!" Her hand pressed her side.

"Get her in. . . . Get her to work . . . to use her hands. Lint, bandages; you have linen?"

Susan nodded dumbly and almost bore her friend into the house, and again through the thick air came the clear, cruel, inhuman bugles.

The men turned their faces towards the lines. "May I offer ye ma air'm, Colonel?" asked young Chisholm.

"Ye may, my boy; 'tis no time to stand upon punctillos. I shall want all my breath and both my legs this afternoon. Here comes the first enemy. Right about face, doctor, and follow us to the front. Not a word, sir. Ye have done your duty in protesting; mine takes me to my regiment, where I fancy we shall both of us be wanted."

Whilst speaking he was pressing on, a Chisholm upon either side of him. "Old friend, we part here: I must not take you under fire."

"Dinna talk tae me, Justin; I'm for the M'Leods wi' my clansman here." As he spoke there came flying steps behind them, and Susan's hand was upon her lover's arm.

"John, don't look at me, don't speak; take this with ye, my love. . . . Oh, my love!" She unwound a black riband from her hair whilst speaking, laid it



in his hand, and would have gone as she had come, but the lad, white about the nostrils, hard bright eyes in a set face, caught and kissed her with never a word. Susan shook the thick hair over her eyes and sped back to the house.

"Ta caillach! Man, John, ye haf chosen the right wife for a Chisholm!" muttered the old Highlandman as the youth dropped a pace behind.

"Auld frien', a wor'd I' yer lug: you lad is——?"

"One of the best—the very best. I owe my life to him."

"An' whit way hass he cairrit himsel' under fire?"

"That he will show to-day, but I've no doubts," replied Justin, knowing nothing of ship experiences of which John had not spoken.

"And the lassie?" persisted old Chisholm.

"A noble creature—all her mother. She loves him. But she's rich. 'Tis her share in that cursed Bexwara loot that has kept them apart until to-day. John is bitter proud."

"That is ta bluid. . . . A toom sporran 'tis masel' can mak' richt. . . . Wheesh!" The lad was again at Justin's elbow.

The guns had ceased, for the artillerymen could see nothing, and the heads of the storming columns would be well upon their ways. Battle was indeed already joined, the rattle of musketry was incessant, now at Forbes's Barrier, now at the Land Port, which the laddermen were to attack, for it was escalade or nothing.

Mendoza, laying his plans for a night assault, had been tempted by the fog to anticipate. With infinite precaution as to silence, he had brought every available man to the outpost line and had flung them against the hitherto impregnable defences of the North Front, trusting to luck and to

the singular weather which had permitted him to order his battle unseen by the English lookouts, and which he hoped would allow him to cross the zone of fire unscathed, and give him all the advantages of a surprise.

One work alone he spared, the Queen's Lines, which deserters informed him were held by the Hardenbergs, who would exchange sides when summoned by a regiment of Catholic Badeners in Spanish pay.

The scheme was a bold one, for anything in the nature of manœuvring is impossible upon a narrow isthmus, ankle-deep in sand and swept by a powerful artillery. What the Spanish Commander could do he did, and did according to rule. He would have three columns of attack, right, centre, and left, of which the last, whilst the two others were well engaged, and the bands of the enemy full, was to enter the defences by leave of the disaffected Hanoverians, take the defenders of the British positions in the rear, and throw open the Land Port gate to Spain.

The plan was well conceived—such things have succeeded, and this night. But the fog which justified the enterprise ruined its execution.

The Walloon officer who led the forlorn hope of laddermen had the pitiful luck to drop and tread upon his compass whilst clearing the glacis of Fort San Philip, after which mishap he steered by guess, and bearing too far to his left (to avoid the western beach), found himself crossing the front of the Badeners as they issued from the barrier at the head of the Boyau in the middle of the Spanish position. There was a hasty challenge in German and an unintelligible reply in French, a musket went off, and all the advantages of surprise were lost.

Then the guns along the Spanish lines opened; and being trained high to avoid demoralizing the stormers, did

the English works no manner of harm, whilst plumping round shot into the Alameda, two miles away, and over-setting a chimney in Prince Frederic Street.

Such are the chances of war.

Meanwhile a Catalan regiment, debouching from Fort Santa Barbara on the extreme Spanish left, crossed the neutral ground at the double, fell upon the picket at Forbes's Barrier and carried it without firing a shot. The men holding the post threw down their arms, but were bayoneted, shrieking unintelligible protests. They were Hardenbergs, whom the Governor, ignorant of the intended treachery, had posted there in the course of the morning, in relief of De la Motte's regiment.

The butchery of these unlucky traitors being witnessed by their fellows in the Queen's Lines above and to the right, filled them with fury; cursing the breakers of the pact, they opened fire upon the Catalans, who, undismayed, and expectant of nothing less, scaled the scarp in their grass sandals and broke in over the parapet with extraordinary gallantry. Here the Germans, being of two parties, some initiated, but daunted by the fate of the picket, others loyal but ill-led, gave way and were breaking, when down upon the victors poured the left wing of the 12th from the Prince's Lines above. The gorge of the covered way by which they came to the rescue of their old enemies was constricted, and it was here that the major in command and two captains fell whilst deploying their men. (Yes, Tulkinghorne had changed his luck.) It was there too that Travis, his guns at Europa Point left to the care of artillerymen, struck in for his regiment and made and took his mark. Hurt in three places, he reformed his men and led them again and again to the attack.

By what means, ask you? remembering that this was a studious youth in

his first engagement. Not, be sure, by impassioned appeal to a glorious British Liberty (which no poor man then enjoyed), or to memories of wife and child (whom many of his followers had enlisted to escape). No, for the Comic Spirit willed otherwise. . . .

"Twelfth!" bawled our youngster, at his wits' end for a sanction for valor which he knew must be awaiting the right word—"Twelfth—will you, who eat *beef*, turn tail to these (unmentionables) who suck *oranges*?"

And lo, the right chord had been touched, the gallant Twelfth responded with its ancient ardor, and those intrusive Catalans were shifted, and a name made.

But the bitter was of the bitterest, for the Badenens, having apologized and disentangled themselves from the Walloons, were pouring up the glacis, and the Hanoverians and English, being clubbed and losing their formations, gave ground, fighting in groups under the leadership of any high-spirited and conspicuous officer or man of either race, and using the butt from preference lest their bullets should find a friend. To most of the privates and subalterns it was a first battle, a trying experience for young troops; an Inkerman antedated by three quarters of a century. But England had there a man who was no young soldier, to whom no turn of the game came amiss, and whose bright, smiling composure no chance or change of the face of battle could disturb. Colonel Wade Justin, staking everything upon one brilliant stroke, left his lines above to the honor of a single company, and, leading his right wing to the lower works, broke fiercely in upon the right of the victorious Badenens, checking their attack. Here the fighting was very close and desperate, for as the combatants were of three races, and German words of command sounded upon both sides, no quarter was given. The original

fog was thickened by smoke; none could tell how the matter was going, not Elliott with his reserves beneath the Castle, nor Justin cheerfully and politely directing the counter-attack in the smoke below. 'Twas a soldier's battle; the guns were mute since the opening cannonade. Artillerymen whose pieces could not be sufficiently depressed to meet the rush of the stormers replied with round-shot to the hand-grenades, or struck with the rammer.

Then, who knows when, or for what reason? the attack weakened. The remains of the Walloon storming-party drew off by the beach; they had never been menacing; the causeway was impassable, and the inundation had not been crossed. The Scots defending the Land Port sallied, led by Lieut-Col. Mackenzie, and, taking the Spanish centre in flank, completed the discomfiture begun by Justin. In twenty minutes the affair was over so far as danger to England's fortress was concerned, but the Highlanders, getting out of hand, pushed the counter-stroke to extremes and drove mixed crowds of Badeners, Walloons, and Catalans upon their Spanish supports, until the whole mass fell back across the isthmus as far as the eastern beach, where, in the neighborhood of the Devil's Tower, a fierce little battle was fought and many wounds taken and given, and some prisoners left in Scottish hands.

Is this clear? I can hardly hope to make it so; it was very far from clear to the men engaged; nor did any two reports subsequently agree. Precisely what the Highlanders were doing (beyond getting a belly-full of "ta fechtin'") they neither knew nor cared. Over that square half-mile of sand men of six races, and of at least as many mutually unintelligible tongues, fought in the hot obscurity of an autumn sea-fog, whilst bugles from both sides vainly sounded the recall, and watchers

from the upper lines looked down into a sea of white, sunlit, ever-shifting mist, constantly thinning, constantly renewed, and saw nothing of the fight below, the sounds of which came up to them sharp and clear.

Yes, the bugles were blown but in vain, as it seemed. These clansmen were young soldiers with a tradition of their own as to how a matter of this kind should be managed. It was but a little more than thirty years since their fathers had broken the best English infantry and made Johnnie Cope's dragoons scamper for their lives.

It was upon the cards that had they been adequately led and well backed they would have carried San Roque and burnt the Spanish camp.

Or, and this too was upon the cards, they might have dispersed to plunder and been cut up in detail by Mendoza's reserve, supposing the Captain General to have kept such a force in hand.

Wise Elliott would take no risks. His first duty was to hold his post, not to occupy territory which he could not retain, so his bugles blew, and blew, and the main-guard at the Land Port waited, peering out into the fog along the causeway for the return of those desperadoes.

And at Forbes's Barrier, where the fighting was over, a grand reconciliation was in progress between the men of the 12th and their former enemies, the Hardenbergs. 'Twas spontaneous: the moment was golden, propitious; the hoarded hates of years were gone as though such feelings had never been, lost in the delicious sense of mutual respect that springs in the martial bosoms of men who have shared the same danger and come through. Both corps had suffered somewhat heavily, but with a difference. Of the two suborned companies of Hanoverians, a full half lay dead after a surrender so pusillanimous as to deprive their subsequent massacre of half its horror and

all sympathy. Their misconduct had been inexplicable—to those not in the secret, and the survivors naturally refrained from supplying the clue. Thank Heaven, the English had seen nothing!

One officer of the recreant company had indeed fallen gloriously. A certain Ensign Scrivener, an Englishman, hitherto of small account with his mess, and under suspicion of late, he, knowing scarce a dozen words of the language of the men whom he commanded, and who had betrayed him, and still less of the speech of those Catalans under whose bayonets he died, caught unaware, and carried beyond himself by passion, had offered a desperate resistance, and lay dead with twenty honorable wounds in him.

Months later my Lord Duddingstone would learn the last news of his son with motions of inward wonder, tears of paternal pity, sorrow, regrets, and, withal, promptings of secret relief! 'Twas marvellous unlike the boy: God rest his soul! He might have lived longer and ended worse. After all, the family character had saved him at the last: there had been good stuff in the prodigal. My lord's bosom swelled, his eyes overflowed, he, even he, had begotten a warrior, had found a man for his country. There should be such a monument in Duddingstone church! rare Italian marbles, none of your gray Sicilian, nor dusky-buff Veronese, but *Giallo antico* relieved by *Paronazzo* and black basalt (but no *rosso*, it stinks in wet weather), Oh, the finest of marbles! And a trophy of arms in bronze, with rippled ribands and swags of foliage in the taste of the late renaissance, with a bust, should it be? or a medallion? Not a medallion: poor Fred's nose turned up—the Horrocks nose—a bust, then, above, upon a classic altar, caressed by a mourning father (himself) chapleting the brows of the youthful hero with laurels with one hand, whilst half-veil-

ing his own face with the other; and—and, let him see—should not Britannia?—yes, assuredly it should be Britannia, or the muse of History, stylus in hand, inscribe a shield with *Scrivener, Gibraltar*, and some appropriate tag, *dulce et decorum, etc.* (more tears). And the inscription, ah yes, the inscription, terse, sonorous, of unimpeachable latinity that even Walpole could find no flaw in.

So passes the Honorable Fred Scrivener, fortunate in the moment and in the manner of his death. Good-bye to thee, Fred! And farewell, my lord! Desolate, disappointed old heart, thou art not the first, nor shalt thou be the last, to weave a noble legend about the memory of a thoroughly unsatisfactory son.

But we must back to the English lines, where our Colonel, keen, timely, and quietly efficient as ever, having despatched Travis to the Governor with news of the complete success of his movement, and with absolute orders not to return before looking in upon the ladies, and having his hurts seen to and rebandaged, our Colonel, I say, was everywhere, solacing the chagrins of the Badener officers left in British hands, and, since he had not the pleasure and honor of being able to address to them his condolences and compliments in their own tongue, calling in the assistance of the Hanoverian colonel, with whom he exchanged snuff-boxes upon the strength of a victory, the chief honors of which he ascribed to Hardenbergs staunchness. (Bows, and more bows, and yet more bows!) The example was contagious, 'twas a "general post" of snuff-boxes: the two messes fraternized upon the spot, and remained good friends until the end of the siege.

And the women? How shall one bring home to a sheltered people the lot of women who must live through a battle-day within sound of the guns? Did

those minutes go swiftly, think you? Was there any keeping one's thoughts to the work in hand? Come now, have you, my reader, ever lived through any remotely similar experience? Has it fallen to you to sit upon the stairs, hunched, sick, breathless, through endless minutes, whilst the surgeons were busy behind the door across the landing? Aye? you have? Then you, at least, can realize the anguish of that hour, the miserable physical distress of it, the searing pains across the forehead, the pressure upon the nape, the weight upon the heart that no sighing will heave off.

Susan took command, and kept them at it. The rooms vibrated to the screech of torn linen; she chattered, scolded, laughed, urged, sang, talked incessantly, cheerfully, working and making the rest work. How much longer could she keep this up? She marvelled at herself, her insensibility, her hardness of heart.

Was that a knock? The guns had done firing, but the musketry still flickered, died down, and broke out afresh. Surely some one was at the door? None dared to suggest such a thing. They looked askance at one another. It came again. Susan flew. Her brother was there, begrimed, be-blooded, smiling, a kind word of the Governor's still glowing in his heart. "Old girl, we've beat them!" he said, not loudly, for he was near the end of his tether. "Oh, Dray, you are hurt—" The passage behind his sister seemed to fill with women. "The Colonel isn't touched," he assured them, and saw Mrs. Hollinghurst toss up her hands and go down as if shot.

"I say—I say!" he muttered, leaning heavily against the jamb.

"Oh, let her be! She will take no harm! Sue, see to your brother," whispered Mrs. Lamb, hurrying forward.

And so Susan was mercifully carried over the next half hour.

And what of young Chisholm? Having given his arm to the Colonel as far as the Prince's Lanes, he had flown to rejoin his own corps at the Land Port and waited with mute impatience for the escalade which, as we know, was never pushed. When, later, a sally was permitted, his company was not among the three which were held in reserve, and his opportunity had come.

There are moments in our lives of spiritual and physical exaltation when the man is above himself, capable not merely of attempting, but of effecting the impossible. On such an occasion spirit and flesh are in as perfect accord as a fearless rider and a bold horse, before whose onset the impervious and the insurmountable sunders, yields, and flies behind. A man thus uplifted will never lack followers whose imaginations take fire from his, and are temporarily obsessed by his personality. Among the forty and odd commissioned officers of Lord M'Leod's regiment there was not a man who was not a tiptoe for the onset. What faces! bloodless, curbed, gravely smiling as to the lips, and as to the eyes, jewel-bright, jewel-hard. Every man of them all was perfectly certain that this was his own particular day, but one among them, unknown to his fellows, wore enchanted armor, a girl's riband and a girl's heart, and felt himself immune to steel and bullet. This hour should make him; he would rise to the height of the love with which his lady had crowned him.

Outside the drawbridge of the Land Port gate, upon the crown of the causeway which spans the flooded meadow, peering out into the fog, was old Ian Chisholm. With feet set well apart, and a bush of white beard hanging down over hands crossed upon the crook of his great teak walking-stick, he stood, scrutinizing impatiently the parties of M'Leod's men returning to



their bugles. For a time a continuous stream of Scottish lads poured past him on either side, chattering joyously in the Gaelic over sporrans heavy with the miscellaneous spoils of a stricken field. Some shepherded silent prisoners, some strode by with drawn faces enduring the smart of wounds.

When the stream of sound men slackened, came lame men helped or carried. Last came the dead, borne in a pathetic silence.

The watcher looked in the face of each as he passed, but looked in vain. Among the latest came a youngster hripling slowly, for he had taken a bullet in the calf, and grieving aloud over a crippled sword-hand, and to him the old man addressed himself.

"Man, are ye no shamed to be greet-  
ing like a bairn? Whaur's yer ensign?  
Whaur's Mr. John Chisholm?"

"Iss it Ian ole to Hector?—ta Master of Overskaig, that ye wull be speir-  
ing for? Oh, ta young chief wass clean  
gyte the day, whateffer! Indeed and  
indeed, and I did my endeavours, for  
that I am a Chisholm of Shinside too,  
but there wass no keeping with him.  
Ou! and all the pains of hell in ta  
wame o' ta man wha blaudit ma  
wrist!" He limped on, regarded sourly  
by his old clansman, and was pres-  
ently under the skilled hands of good  
Mr. Cairncross.

And now the trickle had run dry,  
and still he held his post, although once  
and again canister from Fort San  
Philip drove the water of the inunda-  
tion seething before it. Spain had re-  
gained her lines and was covering fail-  
ure with a renewed cannonade.

In the silence that followed a vol-  
ley the watcher could distinguish the  
clink of boot-heels upon the causeway  
and still waited.

Then, brokenly and ill-rendered, came  
a whistled quick-step, the Chisholm  
"rant." The watcher beat time for a  
bar, upon the head of his staff: not the

massed bands of the garrison could  
have moved him so. "Hech! 'tis a  
wheen years syne these auld lugs  
heard yon. . . . I jaloose 'twill be  
a lad o' ma ain fowk."

"Ta laddie comes late . . . he  
comes last . . . he comes by his  
lane." He went to meet him. "John,  
iss it yersel'?"

It was John, though scarcely recog-  
nizable for the speckle of powder-rash  
that darkened his face (a pistol fired  
point-blank) and a cut across the cheek,  
through which the bone glimmered  
whitely. The lad stepped out dog-  
gedly, despite that awful fatigue which  
follows hand-to-hand fighting; and for  
all the secret glory of a first wound  
which had spared eye and limb, was  
in a silent rage with himself and the  
world at large, exasperated with the  
final incompleteness of a battle which  
but a minute before had seemed ideal  
in its perfection.

"What's this? Ye're no' sair hurt?"

"Naething, sir, naething; but ta  
dommed vratch hass brok' hiss parole.  
I brocht him safe till ta held o' ta  
causeway. . . . I hae hiss swoord,  
whateffer."

Alas, poor John! His prisoner, a per-  
son of distinction, to judge by the bul-  
lion tassel of his sword-knot, having  
surrendered in haste had repented at  
leisure, and, tempted by the obscurity  
of the weather, and disgusted with the  
ridiculous youth of his captor, had be-  
haved ill. John might grumble; but  
what cared old Ian Chisholm? Link-  
ing his arm within that of his newly re-  
covered kinsman, he haled him along to  
the Land Port, praising his God in the  
Gaelic that at this last, and in his old  
age, He had in mercy sent him a  
man of his blood to look him in the  
face.

"Never fash yersel' for yer hurt,  
John; I've a dizzen waur in me, and  
here I stand the day a soond man for  
ma years."

"'Tis not that, sir, but I've naething to show."

"Hoots! I've sin a pretty man gang through three campaigns w' less than ye hae gotten across yer face and aneath yer oxter. But, had ye naething ava, ye're the man for auld Ian Chisholm. . . . Laddie, I mak ye ma son and heir fra this hour! (Spier o' yer colonel what that means.) Ou ay, an' I'll see this bit siege through (twill mind me of Arcot), and Hector

and Shinside maun bide their turn."

They had crossed the drawbridge, were under the arch and within the gate now; a dozen hands of welcome were extended; no jealousies had survived that furnace-heat of battle; but the lad broke from the circle of admiring comrades, his eye caught something in the background, "Wha's thot?—To leddy!"

Ashton Hilliers.

THE END

## GREAT BRITAIN AND JAPAN IN THE FAR EAST.

The traveller, as he approaches Japan, his mind filled with the lofty ideals of Bushido, his admiration stimulated by tales of magnificent courage displayed by her troops in the late war, becomes somewhat dismayed at the bitter feeling against our allies which is displayed on almost all sides by British residents in the Far East. Should he confine himself to official and diplomatic circles, he will be convinced that these tales are slanders with little or no foundation—the offspring of minds jealous at the keen and rapidly growing competition of Japanese trade. Let us break from out this narrow circle and probe a little deeper into these rival opinions on the inhabitants of this Empire of the East.

One thing at least we find that these factions have in common—a genuine admiration for the loyalty, the patriotism, the courage, and the thoroughness of the people of Japan; qualities we in this country would barter much at the present time to possess in an equal degree.

For the late Prince Ito, and for many of the leading residents in Japan, foreign residents of all classes and of all professions have a genuine respect and regard. Their old-world chivalry, their courtesy, their unselfish and

whole-hearted devotion to Emperor and country, compel indeed our admiration. Thus far the diplomat—in Japan alas! also hopelessly out of touch with trade and commerce. Why, oh! why can British diplomacy not realize that it exists for trade and because of trade, and that its *raison d'être* is, as is after all that of most of the public services, primarily to ensure the peaceful and uninterrupted flow of our commerce and of the fruits of our industry throughout the markets of the world? It has for some time been realized in this country that the Japanese are not the best people in the world with whom to have commercial dealings, and that they have not yet discovered that honesty is the best policy; but the general opinion still seems to be that this is merely a question of time—nay, even that better methods have already begun to prevail. It is *not* realized that because we are a Western race and the Japanese an Eastern one there must always be fundamental differences between us, and that it may take even centuries to eradicate what has existed for so many generations. It has been claimed that in Samurai days it was only the lowest class of Japanese who engaged in trade, but that, now that the upper classes are also entering all

professions, the high standard of the ancient warrior class will be diffused throughout the country. Unfortunately, the canker appears to be spreading upwards, for in the recent sugar scandals, which, although well nigh unnoticed in this country, created considerable consternation in Japan, members of both Houses of Parliament were seriously implicated.

But the antagonism of foreign residents does not, unfortunately, rest alone on unsound, and even dishonest, business transactions. The methods of minor officials, and particularly their dealings with subject (or, as they consider, inferior) races, are even less easy to condone. Incidentally it may surprise British readers to hear that since the war we, in common with other Western nations, are considered an inferior race by the rank and file in Japan, our sole claim to distinction being our wealth. Let us, however, turn to Japan's dealings in Formosa and Korea. The Press—perhaps, from the Japanese point of view, the best organized of all the fine organizations in Japan—has informed the world that Chinese methods of barbarism have long since vanished, and that all is peace and prosperity under the beneficent rule of the Rising Sun. It is a shock to discover that atrocities worthy of the Congo are still being perpetrated.

On the 7th, 8th, and 10th of May nine Chinese—natives of Kachautsung and Sinchiautsun, near Takow, in the island of Formosa—were examined on a charge of gambling, of which they were undoubtedly guilty, and condemned to be flogged. Their relatives asked that they might first be examined by a doctor, but this the Japanese police peremptorily refused. The prisoners were flogged with a rattan, none of them receiving less than a hundred blows, and in order to make the pain more acute the rattan was brought down time after time on one spot, until the

flesh began to slough off their backs. On the 17th one man died of the effects, on the 19th another, and on the 23rd yet another—three out of the nine. The police officer responsible, Shiina, was tried before a Japanese court, and this was the judgment:

Although on the face of it these deaths seem to indicate that Shiina had exceeded the number of blows which he was to administer to the prisoners, still the punishment they received was exactly in accordance with their crime—therefore the accused officer must be acquitted of all responsibility.

It is only fair to add that an appeal was made to a higher court at the request of many Japanese residents, but the writer was unable to discover with what result.

The correspondent of the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, from whom some of these facts are taken, reports:

Formerly I had been told repeatedly of such cases ending fatally, but I did not make inquiries for details. The cases were usually hushed up by a small payment of money to the relatives of the deceased prisoner, and the removal to another district of the policeman who had so flagrantly exceeded his duty. Not infrequently such cases are never heard of, because the people are in terror of making any charge against a Japanese policeman, lest it be afterwards visited on their heads in other ways.

That this fear of reprisal is justified may be gathered from the following instance which occurred near Sung-Chin, in North Korea: One morning in July 1908, a Korean was brought into a missionary's dispensary to be dressed for bullet wounds in both legs. A gendarme out of a passing band had from sheer devilry taken a pot shot at him while he was weeding his field, utterly unaware of their proximity. A policeman, in the missionary's presence, asked that the offending gendarme should be identified, which another

Korean promptly proceeded to do. The gendarmes shortly afterward seized this unfortunate man, carried him off to their quarters, where they tortured him by tying a cord to his tongue, putting on extreme tension, to teach him not to use that organ again in giving information. It was only owing to the presence of a high official from Kyung Sung, who, in company with the local Prefect, went and remonstrated with the torturers, that the man was freed. The gendarme who was identified was not in any way punished. "The police officials' explanation to the inquiring friends of the aggrieved victim was that the soldier must have gone crazy." We quote from the missionary's letter.

It may be said that such matters are no concern of ours. True—though it should be possible to notify the Japanese that Great Britain cannot countenance such methods, and that she must withdraw from the alliance unless there is a complete cessation from such atrocities. Unfortunately, in cases which have concerned this country an entirely opposite course has been pursued. A Mr. Bethel, editor of a very anti-Japanese paper published in Seoul, was prosecuted before a British court for inciting the Koreans to rebellion. The judge of the British Supreme Court, acting on the assurances of the Japanese authorities, informed the witnesses that they could give their evidence freely without fear of subsequent persecution. Mr. Yang Ki Tak, a cultivated Korean, gave strong evidence against the Japanese side of the case. Shortly afterwards he was accused of appropriating money subscribed by Koreans for the redemption of the National Debt—a side-light on Korean ignorance—and locked up with nineteen other Koreans in a room 14 feet by 12 feet, and too low to stand up in. Released by an accident, he took refuge in an Englishman's house, where, ow-

ing to the extra-territorial rights, he could not be re-arrested without the endorsement of the application by our Consul. This, Mr. Henry Cockburn, on all sides (except Japanese) acknowledged to be one of the strongest and most efficient representatives we have ever had in the East, refused—apparently on the ground that there was no case against the accused. (This view was abundantly justified at the subsequent trial, when it was proved that Mr. Yang Ki Tak was but little more than secretary to the trustees, and further that there had been no misappropriation of funds of any kind—a matter of common knowledge in Seoul before the trial commenced.) Nevertheless the British authorities in Tokyo ordered Mr. Yang Ki Tak to be delivered up, and there is a rumor on extremely good authority that the Consul-General was censured by a telegram not coded, as is the invariable practice in such cases.

There is a stronger case yet of British apathy and weakness.

In 1904 a Mr. and Mrs. Y—, British subjects, when travelling in Northern Korea, were assaulted by Japanese troops, their lives for some time being in great danger, finally being outrageously insulted before a mixed crowd of Koreans and Japanese. They lodged a complaint, but in an interview at Tokyo between Mr. Y—, the Japanese Minister, and a British official, the conversation was turned on to what uniform the diplomatic body should wear at a forthcoming official garden party, and, this knotty point being settled, the interview came to an end with the subject under discussion being reverted to by the remark "that it appeared nothing further could be done." At Mr. Y—'s request the matter was referred home, he himself (being an Australian) using a second channel through his own Government. The authorities at Tokyo subsequently in-

formed him that the British Government had disposed of the case, whilst the Australian Government were told that the officials in Tokyo had already settled the matter, and that it therefore could not be reopened. The present writer has perused copies of the correspondence, and had many conversations with Mr. Y—— himself. We shall probably be told that the cases related are but isolated instances of the most rare occurrence, and merely exceptions proving the rule that Japanese methods of government are both humane and civilized. They are, unfortunately, nothing of the kind. The Koreans have been so terrorized by the Japanese—the case of Mr. Yang Ki Tak is but remarkable in that the victim was well known in foreign circles—that evidence is not easy to procure, and, moreover, the Koreans are forbidden to leave their country without a permit from the authorities. Nevertheless, hardly a mail arrives without further information from one source or another coming to hand of yet further outrages.

Let us leave instances and turn to general figures.

It is estimated that up to the end of February 1909 the number of Korean insurgents killed and wounded by the Japanese—and any man who runs away is considered an insurgent—amounted to nearly 33,000, as against 625 casualties on the other side; the result of the operations in South Korea for the year November 1908-October 31st 1909 being officially given as 3098 insurgents killed, 267 wounded, 3053 captured. The proportion of killed to wounded, and of Korean *versus* Japanese casualties, for irregular warfare in broken country, is truly significant. It is likely to be even more significant for the months following the ever-to-be-regretted assassination of Prince Ito.

So full of anomalies, however, is the East that there can be little doubt that

Korea as a whole is infinitely better governed than ever before. Taxes for the first time are being collected on a just and equitable basis, hospitals have been built, towns and villages cleansed, and roads and railways constructed in every direction. The resulting prosperity has produced a trade return showing marked improvement on all previous figures. The Korean has been aptly described as a "nanny goat," and he could have never successfully ruled his own country. There can be no question, as time goes on, that, unless he is exterminated to make way for the Japanese immigrant, he will become more prosperous than he has ever had a chance of being before. The Japanese system of government is paternal to a degree, and the Korean, unaccustomed to rules or laws of any description, dislikes it accordingly. Like the child, however, he is compelled to swallow his dose, and it is probable that in this case also it will eventually benefit him. Meanwhile he will have paid a heavy toll for the peace-at-any-price policy he so long advocated, and in any case his country will never again dance to a tune of its own calling.

Let us turn to Manchuria.

The Liaotung peninsula is of course now leased to Japan in place of Russia by the Chinese Empire, and Japan is making full use of her opportunities.

Port Arthur remains but little more than the military and administrative headquarters of the district, though it is now to be opened up for trade; but Dalny is already a rapidly growing town and a port of considerable commercial importance. Incidentally it may be mentioned that both these places are within fortress areas, and anyone walking about outside the towns themselves is liable to be pursued by an energetic gentleman with a fixed bayonet and arrested, as actually happened at Dalny to an innocent tour-



ist but a week before the writer arrived at that place.

The administration of affairs in Manchuria is in Chinese hands, but the Japanese control the South Manchurian Railway from Kwangchengtze (Chang-Chun) *via* Mukden to Dalny and Port Arthur, and the posts, telegraphs, mines, and police along this important zone. The nominal control of affairs is Chinese, the practical control Japanese. Japan, by an arrangement with China, is entitled to import *via* Dalny all goods required in her leased territory in the Liaotung peninsula, or for the use of her officials on the South Manchurian Railway, duty free. The Chinese complain that advantage has been taken by this concession to smuggle goods into Manchuria proper, but this allegation the Japanese deny. An effective criticism of two violently pro-Japanese articles that appeared in the *Japan Times* reveals the fact that there are at least grounds for suspicion of irregularities at any rate in regard to cotton goods and tobaccos, and it would therefore seem desirable that the Japanese should consent to the remodelling of the Dalny Customs Returns and the establishment of a post of the Chinese Imperial Customs at Pulantien, the first station on the South Manchurian Railway outside the leased territory.

The Japanese also own the railway from Mukden to Antung on the Yalu River, which they are reconstructing to standard gauge, thus giving through communication to Korea. The justification for this reconstruction is that the present thirty-inch gauge mountain railway is inadequate to cope with passengers, mails, and freight proceeding from Europe *via* the Trans-Siberian Railway to Japan. This traffic, however, can never pay for the numerous tunnels and heavy grading necessary to turn this railway into one of standard gauge, and the real object is unquestionably strategic—to enable troops

in Manchuria to get back into Korea in view of a possible advance into that country from the North-West by Russia, a by no means improbable contingency in the—we hope unlikely—event of another war.

Japan's position in Manchuria is defined by three treaties:

(1) The Anglo-Japanese agreement of the 12th of August 1905, which states one of the objects of the contracting parties to be "The preservation of the common interests of all Powers in China by ensuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China."

(2) The Portsmouth Treaty of Peace between Japan and Russia, signed on the 5th of September 1905, by which "Japan and Russia engage not to obstruct any general measures common to all countries which China may take for the development of the commerce and industry of Manchuria."

(3) A treaty between China and Japan, dated December 1905, to which is appended a secret agreement signed about April 1906, by which the Government of China agreed not to construct any railway in the neighborhood of and parallel to the South Manchurian Railway.

It will be seen that, with the qualification mentioned in No. 3 (which, being a secret agreement, the Powers are not bound to recognize), Japan subscribed to the policy of the "open door" in Manchuria. Let us see how she has proceeded to carry it out.

In November 1907 the Viceroy of Manchuria entered into a contract with a British firm to build an extension of the North China Railway from Hsian-min-tun, forty miles west of Mukden, to Fakumen. The Japanese Government objected to this line on the ground that it was in the neighborhood of and parallel to the South Manchurian

rian Railway. Although the nearest point on the proposed line is thirty-five miles distant from the South Manchurian Railway and separated from it by the Liao River, and although it was proved that virtually no part of the trade of this fertile and thickly populated district finds its way to the South Manchurian Railway, the British Government supported the Japanese protest, and the scheme fell through. A scheme was then proposed to construct a railway from Chinchow, on the Gulf of Pechili, *via* Taonanfu, to Tsitsihar, on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and thence north to Aigun, on the Amur River, a distance of about 800 miles.

Although this railway as far as Tsitsihar would, with the exception of a few miles at either end, run entirely through Mongolia and at a distance of never less than 150 miles from the South Manchurian Railway, the Japanese have effectually blocked this scheme also, and again their action has been supported by his Majesty's present Government. Japan claimed that even this line would injuriously affect the South Manchurian Railway, and demanded compensation by being allowed to participate in the new scheme.

The United States has long had eyes on the rich and fertile provinces of Manchuria and Mongolia. The Chinese, well aware of this fact, had with their usual skill prepared a second string to their bow. When, therefore, they realized that the British Government were not likely to support the British firm in the contract for this Chinchow-Aigun Railway, the Chinese approached a group of American financiers. These gentlemen, not unnaturally, supported the scheme, and the financing of this railway—a matter of somewhere about eight millions sterling—passed to a large extent out of our hands. Further, the rolling-stock and railway material, which was to have been entirely constructed in this

country, is now to be so no longer; and the British share in the orders for material has been diminished by a sum computed at not less than 500,000*l.*, which would have found work and wages for a very considerable number of people in this country.

Not even yet was his Majesty's Government satisfied with the injury their *laissez-faire* policy had done to British trade. The British Minister in Peking and the Consul-General at Mukden, both gallantly striving to uphold British prestige against tremendous odds, have been instructed to give no support to this Tsitsihar scheme. Nor can his Majesty's Government plead ignorance on the subject. Questioned in Parliament only last autumn as to the limits within which the Japanese Government was entitled to veto or interfere in any measures the Chinese Government might desire to take for the development of Western Manchuria and Mongolia, the Government replied that it was a matter "entirely for arrangement between the respective Governments of China and Japan," a reply which has been received by British residents in the Far East with indignation, and of which disapproval is openly expressed.

The new parties to the railway contract did not, it is understood, object to the Japanese demand for a moderate participation in the scheme, and pressed her to define her demands. This, however, was exactly what Japan refused to do, and negotiations became indefinitely hung up. Japanese opposition went yet further. While openly professing her support to the scheme, information has come to hand from a thoroughly reliable source that Japan secretly notified the Chinese Government that if China issued an edict authorizing the construction of this railway she would again cause China to climb down and to lose "face," as she did recently over the Antung-Mukden

Railway dispute. It was but a few days after this had occurred that Mr. Secretary Knox startled the world by suggesting the neutralization of all railways in Manchuria, whether already existent or at some future time to be built. The two Powers already owning railways in Manchuria, Japan and Russia, not unnaturally met this suggestion with an absolute *non possumus*.

The immediate effect, however, of the American proposition has been that China has ventured to issue the edict authorizing the construction of the Chinchow-Aigun railway. As, however, the Japanese have still failed to define their demands for participation, and the British Government are still holding their hand, matters remain very much *in statu quo*. The result of our attitude is this: Both China and the United States feel that we dare not move on account of Japan's feelings, and that the Government has no intention of supporting British enterprise in the Far East. This cannot but have a most detrimental effect on our prestige.

Unfortunately, the policy of flabbiness and *laissez-faire* does not end with our dealings with Japan. The policy of this country was for many years that of the "open door." It was succeeded by that of "spheres of influence." Both have their advantages. Our present policy is neither one nor the other, for Germany has invaded our sphere of influence in the Yangtze Valley and Russia has followed suit; the German sphere of influence in Shantung is recognized *in fact* if not in name, and Russia has only recently notified China that she still requires observance of her right to be consulted in the event of any railway being built north of the Great Wall—*viz.*, in Manchuria or Mongolia. Thus Russia, like Japan, claims the right, on political or strategic grounds, to veto British enterprise. We must adhere to the policy of the "open door"; other Powers may close

it in our face. We must suffer rebuffs and endure intolerable humiliation at the hands of other Powers, but when a good thing comes our way must open the door, bow our visitors in, and accept what they are good enough to leave us—the Free-trade policy run mad.

The writer will no doubt be accused of being violently anti-Japanese. We cannot profess to be content with studying Bushido and then feeling satisfied that we know the average resident of the Land of the Rising Sun, any more, alas! than we would suggest that the precepts of the Bible afford a true and accurate guide to the character of the average Englishman. It is surely far more conducive to a perfect understanding between two nations, if each realizes not merely the other's virtues, but also the other's faults—and if undue stress has been laid on certain shortcomings in our allies, it is only because a blind admiration, when it suddenly gives place to further knowledge, must tend to an equally disastrous rush to the opposite extreme. The writer fully realizes that Japan, after two arduous campaigns, may claim a preferential standing in Manchuria; possibly not unlike the position this country so long maintained in Egypt. If, however, she is to maintain that position, it can only be by employing similar methods—utilizing her position to develop and improve this great territory, granting equal opportunities in trade to all other Powers in fact as well as in name, and making the policy of the "open door" not a dead letter, but a living actuality.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance has yet five more years to run, and it is far too early at the present time to consider the question of whether that agreement should then terminate or should be extended for a yet further period. Thanks to that arrangement, we have been enabled to withdraw a

considerable part of our Pacific Squadron and to concentrate it nearer home. This, however, has left Japan the command of the Pacific Ocean. With 80,000 Japanese resident in the Hawaiian Islands (the Gibraltar of the Pacific), with British Columbia and the Pacific States of the Union cut off by a triple range of mountains—the Rockies—to which the passage of the Alps is mere child's play, it is hardly surprising to find a certain nervousness on the part of thinkers on the American continent at the position of affairs; a position very clearly set forth in the remarkable book by Mr. Homer Lea, *The Value of Ignorance*.

These, however, are matters for future consideration rather than for immediate settlement. His Majesty's Government have ample scope for their powers in bringing to a satisfactory conclusion matters long outstanding in the Far East. By casting aside for ever our policy of "drift," by adopting a

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firm attitude in support of British trade and the policy of the "open door," we shall not only find ourselves working hand in hand with the United States, whose policy in the Far East is in genuine agreement with our own, but we shall win from Japan that respect which is always paid to individual or nation that knows its own mind and is not afraid of declaring it. We shall in the end earn the gratitude of our ally for having prevailed on her to exchange a policy of pettiness and inconsistency for one more in accord with her dignity and her lasting interests, and we shall have strengthened the foundations of international peace. It is for the people of this country to see to it that a strong man be appointed to Tokyo, and that he be backed up by a firm policy at home; then we may hope to reap in the Far East those just rewards to which we are entitled by our position, our trade, and our history.

Stanhope.

## BIRDS IN A GARDEN.

In spite of Darwin, birds do not seem to possess an invincible distrust of man, and indeed, in places where they find they are not persecuted, they soon begin to have confidence, and even the shyer kinds show themselves without fear.

Thus, in a garden not more than an acre in extent the number of birds to be found during the year surprises one by their variety; perhaps this may be partly due to the near neighborhood of a small wood and to its being placed in one of the southern counties; at any rate the fact remains that wild birds can be studied in their ways and habits at close quarters, and they do not seem to take much notice of the near neighborhood of their human friends.

In this particular garden every

available space seems occupied by nests. Not only the boxes placed amongst the trees are marked as desirable sites and are eagerly taken for the year by tits, but even an old marmalade-pot thrown untidily into the hedge bordering the garden was last year used by a robin, who had been fed during the winter, and who, finding this an easy way of getting her living, continued to come regularly during the nesting season to the open-air room or verandah where meals were laid during the summer, and fed at the lunch-hour. More than that, later on, when her family were reared in the old jar, she brought them also to the verandah at meal-times and, flying on the table, abstracted therefrom the little pieces laid for her, and fed the four young

ones in turns with the greatest unconcern, they meanwhile flirting their tails and screaming with eagerness for food; and this continued until the family dispersed.

Even in this small garden a partridge found space to lay her seventeen brown eggs, having chosen the herbaceous border for this purpose, and here in a mass of wallflowers she made her home, taking no notice of the tidying up which went on round her, but looking up with her bright eye as she sat, taking in everything with the greatest interest, though with no seeming fear. Indeed, if birds are encouraged it is strange to see how inquisitive they become and how anxious to observe all we are doing.

Another effect of treating birds with kindness is seen in the careless positions they select for their homes. They seem before long to ignore the need for privacy and to lay their precious eggs in the open, with little fear of molestation, and indeed some kinds prefer to keep as near as they can to their human friends, hoping in this way to lessen the danger of their homes being destroyed by their natural enemies, such as the rat, the stoat, the hawk, and the magpie. Thus, a blackbird built upon the roof—with no covering at all—in the gutter placed for carrying off water in the angle of the wall. During the fine weather all went well, but unfortunately last summer was wet, and at length the poor bird's nest was destroyed by the rush of water. Another bird built on top of a garden-seat placed against the wall of the shed adjoining the house, and this bird succeeded in rearing her family though people were passing and re-passing all day long.

Another curious place chosen by a thrush was upon the ground beneath a cabbage-plant, and this bird also succeeded in bringing up four healthy young thrushes, the large leaves shel-

tering them well in the wet weather which prevailed during the whole time she was rearing her family.

Birds sometimes seem most unaccountably foolish in their choice of a site for their homes. Thrushes often build upon shaky branches of small trees, and hang their nests so loosely upon the boughs that they have no chance of escaping in case of a storm of wind, and one often finds the overturned nest after a gale.

A starling, too, showed last year the strangest persistence in building in an unsuitable place. She built her nest in a nesting-box in a hen-house, and here day after day she laid an egg. Unfortunately, the hen, who was also in the habit of laying there, continued to do so, and thus day after day the starling's egg was broken. However, she continued in her obstinate course, and it was not till all the clutch of eggs were laid that she stopped—only to find that her toil had been in vain.

In the case of a pair of flycatchers, too, the pair would persist in building upon a narrow ledge above a window, which was too narrow to hold the finished nest. Naturally, it fell before completion; but, nothing daunted, the two began again, and it was only after the second fall that they gave up in despair.

When once a pair of birds has selected a site, it takes a good deal to cause them to change their minds, if they are not persecuted. Thus, a pair of swallows fixed their affections upon a beam in a disused shed, and all one summer they wasted the fine weather in selecting the exact spot where they should place their nest. Unfortunately they did not begin till too late, and the heat in the shed became intolerable later on in the summer, so that at last they gave up the attempt. That was the year before last, and the summer was very hot and dry; however, last spring they returned from their winter



home, and began to fly about the shed again, evidently determined to make use of the site they thought so desirable.

This time they began earlier, having found the shed the year before, and set to work upon the same beam. After a time a very hot week supervened, and the beam (which faced south) was exposed to a fierce heat, which the birds evidently found too much for them. They flew in and out all day, and perched on the roof, talking things over, no doubt. However, a *modus operandi* was at last arrived at between them, and they began to build again, but this time upon the opposite beam, the one which faced towards the north of the shed. This answered their purpose, and the nest was completed in time. All went well with them, and at the end of summer they had reared two fine young swallows, which flew strongly with their parents when the time for departure came. More than this, other swallows collected on the shed roof before they left England, and it will be interesting to see if they or their friends return in larger numbers to the same old shed.

Another interesting family was brought up in a cranny in the wooden walls of the shed, that of a tree-creeper. The birds had built between the boards, and when the little ones were hatched, they flew in and out all day without appearing at all concerned when any one stood near to watch. It chanced that I was near on the day when the young ones took their first flight from the nest, led by the mother, and no less than three of the little creepers settled on me, and ran up without displaying the slightest alarm, searching for their favorite food. Finding their quest unsuccessful, they took two or three turns here and there, and finally flew to a tree near, and remained happily for a long time pecking about in imitation of their mother.

At the back of the garden is a wild space just as Nature left it. There is a grassy slope where "weeds" abound, and here the butterflies fly all through the long summer hours. Here a yellow brimstone will settle upon a tall plant with blossoms as yellow as himself, and will stay there moving in the breeze for a long time; when he does move he looks like a yellow flower himself which the wind is blowing about. Here, too, is a clump of pale scabious, and the little copper butterflies appear fond of settling upon the blossoms, and when the sun shines upon their glossy wings they look quite fiery in contrast to the soft tones of the flowers.

Here a lark built its nest one year, and it was only when the mother bird was almost trodden upon that the nest was found. It is strange how hard a nest will be to find even when almost the exact spot is known. Thus a moorhen's nest in the neighboring brook remained hidden almost until the young were hatched, though people were passing constantly, and the reeds consisted of only one or two small patches. Larks, from their habit of building on the ground, run great risks, and one actually built quite close to the cricket-pitch last year, and laid four eggs there, though matches took place every week, and the men played almost every evening. Naturally the nest came to grief at last, as it was almost bound to do, though nests do escape in the most marvellous way sometimes, even if built in a pasture where cattle graze all day.

Another nest which was never found was that of a pair of wheatears, or "clod-hoppers," as they are locally called. These birds were fond of settling upon a rail, and appeared there time after time each day; later on they carried food in their beaks to their hungry young ones, who were no doubt safely housed in a hole in the neigh-



boring earth-bank, but the exact spot was never discovered. However, it was pretty to watch the two birds sitting there and turning their heads from side to side, showing the straight black mark which is so distinctive of the species.

In this old-world garden no "carpet-gardening" is attempted—indeed, it would be out of keeping with the rest of the place. Long herbaceous borders there are, with grass walks between, and they are filled with many cottage flowers, which grow at their will, and spread as they like best to do. Here in the autumn there are huge patches of Michaelmas daisies of various tints, and there the humming-bird hawk hovers, looking like a little piece of thickened mist; and here those gorgeous butterflies, the Red Admiral and Peacock, sun themselves and fan their beautiful wings in the sunshine.

At one time of the year the borders are crammed full of yellow lupins and plants of blue cornflowers which bend over and meet across the grassy way between the beds. It is possible to sit on the path between the beds and remain hidden even from the birds with their quick senses.

When the cornflowers had mostly gone to seed a pair of goldfinches discovered them, and from the time of their discovery they were never absent for long. Here they would both come day after day, pecking at the seeds which served them instead of thistle-down, and, finding they were not injured, they grew more and more confident, and would draw near, swaying on the slender plants and almost hanging in the air after the fashion of tits. They had a most happy note, which they kept on repeating while thus engaged, as if they were congratulating each other upon their discovery.

Doubtless they had a nest in the near neighborhood, since they always flew off in exactly the same direction,

but they continued to haunt the garden during a great part of the summer; for, finding the seed of the cornflowers so greatly attracted them, the plants were left for them until they had eaten almost every seed, for it was pleasure enough to watch the birds at work, with the sun catching the red patch on their heads or the bright yellow feathers in their wings.

One other bird suffered last year from the heat from having chosen an unsuitable nesting-place. There is a small greenhouse attached to the house where plants are kept in the winter, but during the summer it stands empty until the autumn frosts come again.

It was in this greenhouse that two wagtails built their nest in a pot of lilies where the soil was mostly composed of peat. When the birds selected the place it was a good one from their point of view, for they were sheltered from wind and rain, and as the house was open all day they could fly in and out while engaged in building their nest. This was not difficult in the circumstances, for they found the light, peaty soil very much to their liking, and they merely scooped out a slight hollow in the earth and brought a few trifles to finish it off with. But as the summer advanced the two birds began to suffer greatly from the heat; the greenhouse was gradually cleared of pots until only the pot of lilies remained there with the nest with its four eggs. Usually the place would have been cleaned out, and it was to have been painted; but in deference to the birds, this was delayed until they had forsaken it, and an awning was hung over the roof to keep off the fiercest rays of the sun. And so it happened that the young ones were successively hatched out, and it was very pretty to watch the family, for this was easy to do, as no plant or obstruction was in the way of the watcher, and in

due time the young ones were reared and flew away.

One of the prettiest bird sights in the world is a family of long-tailed tits. The nest itself is a marvel of beauty, and we were indeed fortunate in having two of them in the garden—the one in a furze-bush and the other in a privet-bush. In the case of the furze nest the birds were not successful, for some marauder in the form of a rat or cat managed to enter Paradise and destroyed the beautiful nest with its nine

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eggs. But the other birds brought off their young ones, and day after day flew in and out of their little round home, until one bright summer morning the young tits came out one by one after their parents, and sat in a row on the privet-bush, and the mother and father fed them until they had learned to fly. By the end of summer they were reproductions of their parents, and the world was richer by seven little black and pink tits.

*W. L. Purley.*

### LANGARROCK GREAT TREE.

Our county guide-books stand in need of revision. Not one of them but makes mention in properly respectful terms of Langarrock Great Tree, and Langarrock Great Tree was felled last summer.

It was a beech, and it stood in the Churchyard, midway along the path from the gate to the porch. Its trunk measured fifteen feet and some odd inches round at the butt; five feet higher its girth was all but thirteen feet. Its exact height is not recorded, but when you stood on the top of its neighbor the church tower, which is seventy feet high, it eclipsed your view down the valley with a swelling hill of verdure. Its great arms covered a circle twenty yards in diameter, on one side brushing the west window of the church, and drooping over the lych-gate on the other. Its age was unknown, unless you are inclined to credit the local tradition that it was planted at the time when the foundations of the church were laid, which would make it more than five hundred years old. At any rate, two centuries ago it was already known as the Great Tree. Yet to the last it showed no signs of senile decay, but remained sound at heart and in every limb. At some early period of

its history it had been pollarded, and after centuries of free growth it still seemed to remember the sharp lesson of the knife. The human touch persisted, in a slight thickening of the upper part of the trunk, an odd disposition of the main branches, and a more than vegetable something that invested its whole appearance—something that was at once grotesque and lovely. You felt that, if only you watched long enough, the Dryad would take courage and peep.

In spite of its age and bulk, it gave no impression of patriarchal gravity. To the last it carried itself with a lively air and grace, singular in so ancient a tree, and hardly in keeping, perhaps, with its situation and surroundings. Its boughs, and its trunk from six feet upwards, were delicately rounded, and glistened like satin among the gold-green of its foliage; below, it was closely covered with inscriptions, some deeply cut, some lightly scratched, and some almost obliterated by the finger of time. They were mostly of one kind—four initials, two above two, set in a heart-shaped cartouche; and they gave the tree a claim to rank among our parish archives, as a betrothal-register of generations of lovers. Never

was tree so steeped in amorous associations. On Sundays, as the congregation left the church, it was the custom of the young men and maidens to detach themselves from their elders and gather under its shade in a merry crowd, that slowly sorted itself out by two and two until only a single couple lingered. It was the favorite spot for assignations; if your way took you past it after dark, you were pretty sure to hear soft whispers, or catch a glimpse of shadowy figures starting asunder. And in the local code of courtship this rule was found, that no walking out, keeping of company, "arming along," or other preliminaries of wooing were to be regarded as binding on man or maid, until the lover, standing beneath the tree in the presence of his beloved, had taken forth his knife, sought out a smooth space on the trunk, and carved the record of his vows in the living bark. Whether those vows were kept or broken, or how far the inscription was subsequently confirmed or contradicted by certain other records in the church hard by, was no concern of the tree's. There it stood, an amicable Pagan set in consecrated ground, scarred like a heathen god by the knives of its worshippers, breathing frank incitements to love and laughter at the very doors of the church. You can hardly wonder that the ecclesiastical authorities regarded it with sour disapproval, or that three times at least they attempted, under various pretexts, to compass its destruction. Twice they failed; the third time they were only too successful.

Their first recorded attack was in 1703. In our parish accounts for that year, the year of the greatest storm Britain has ever known, the following entries occur:—

Pd y<sup>e</sup> Glaisher aboute y<sup>e</sup>  
Glass in y<sup>e</sup> Church Win-  
dow wch was broke by  
y<sup>e</sup> Great Tree in y<sup>e</sup>

Storme .....£00. 07s. 10d.  
Pd Jos: Jolley ffor lopping  
y<sup>e</sup> Great Tree in y<sup>e</sup>  
Church Hay .....£00. 01s. 02d.  
Recd from Samwell Barg-  
wanath ffor Tember took  
from y<sup>e</sup> sayd Tree....£00. 14s. 06d.

On the blank page opposite, the scribe has made a note—

This day att y<sup>e</sup> Vestrey much des-  
coorse wther the Great Tree should  
come down ffor y<sup>e</sup> Damege itt hath  
done and is like to doe unto y<sup>e</sup> Church,  
where att Passon Dawe sayd hee  
would haue itt down Roote and  
Braunche and was upholden by y<sup>e</sup>  
Church Wardens ouer seers Way war-  
dens and mee Solomon Cayzer pishe  
Cleark, where att Squire Behenna com-  
ming in upon us sayd hee woud have  
it Rest and soe it Resteth.

This was the same Squire Behenna  
who, twelve years later, on the first  
Sunday in October 1715, standing un-  
der this very tree before morning serv-  
ice, proclaimed James III king of these  
realms, and threatened to put Parson  
Dawe in the stocks with his own hands  
if he offered to read the prayers for the  
Hanoverian usurper and his brood of  
ratlings. He also lives honorably in  
history as one of the first of West  
Country landowners to be inspired  
with that noble passion for tree-plant-  
ing which came over our ancestors in  
a green flood at the beginning of the  
eighteenth century. It was he who  
peopled our valley with those stately  
battellions of oak and ash, sycamore  
and Cornish elm, which flourish to this  
day, and are gazed at every summer by  
hundreds of admiring tourists. Such  
a man was not likely to sit quietly at  
home when danger threatened the first  
tree in the Duchy. You can picture him  
the fiery old Jacobite, booted and  
spurred, flushed with claret and indig-  
nation, bursting in upon the village  
Sanhedrim as they sat placidly plotting  
the murder of that royal helpless crea-  
ture. You can imagine the conclave

--parson, churchwardens, overseers, waywardens, and Solomon Cayzer, parish clerk—cowering bewildered under the lash of his wrath, and blankly wondering why all this fuss should be raised over a bit of timber.

All through the sleepy Georgian days no harm seems to have been offered to the tree, except once by a mad Methodist, who rushed one day into the churchyard, prophesying of groves and Asherah, and hacked at the trunk with a bill-hook until the constable was fetched to haul him off. The second real peril did not threaten until about fifty years ago. At that time our west window was blocked by a gallery, erected and set apart for the use of the church musicians—flute, clarinet, bass-viol, and a choir of men and urchins. It was they who now conspired against the tree. The lopped branches had grown again; and in summer, when the leaves were out, the gallery was so darkened that the occupants could not see to read their psalm-books, or distinguish *Devizes* from *Old Ninetieth* in broad daylight. So they took counsel and laid their grievance before the authorities, declaring, these arrogant artists, that either the tree must go or they would go themselves. Again the parson and vestry joined the cabal against the tree, and again the Squire Behenna of that day stepped in to protect it. While he lived, said the Squire, not a twig of its head should be severed; it was dear to him on his ancestor's account, and for its own venerable sake beside. But as for flute and viol, they were hopelessly out of date, and he had long been awaiting a convenient opportunity to do away with their tootling and scraping for good and all. So the plot recoiled on its concoctors' heads. The amazed musicians were taken at their word and dismissed, the gallery was pulled down, a harmonium was installed in the chancel, and for half a cen-

tury more the tree was left in peace.

I should not like to say that it presumed on its immunity, thus twice tested, or that it bore any real malice against the Church for her persecutions, but certainly in these latter days it seemed at times to be animated by a sportive spirit of mischief towards its neighbor. During long sermons on drowsy summer days it would tap and rustle at the window, beckoning you out of doors, tempting your thoughts to wander in green shades. In winter it had its riotous moods, when, in the midst of a hymn, it would suddenly raise an uproarious bluster, shouting and thumping outside, as they say the giants of these parts used to do in the old days, when they came upon the cell of a saint and heard the voice of the holy man within, up-raised in a psalm. In spring a jesting thrush took it for his pulpit, and preached a rival sermon, full of quips and cranks of the most unseemly kind. In autumn, matters were worse; it was then the starling's favorite meeting-house, where they collected to whistle irreverent cat-calls all through morning service. When they were particularly noisy, good Parson Tregenna would sometimes break the thread of his discourse, and try to weave in something about the natural piety of the feathered creation; but it would not do. There is no disguising the fact that the starling is the most carnal-minded of birds; try as you may, you can never spiritualize his ear-splitting squeals and profane ventriloquizings into sound doctrine.

Parson Tregenna, that good easy soul, who was incapable of bearing ill-will against man or bird or tree, died a year ago. A new rector came down among us—a young man, eager and zealous, brandishing the newest of new brooms, and proclaiming war against all the cobwebs that had gathered in and about our heads during the past thirty years. Not many days after

his arrival he was observed prowling about the churchyard, numbering the headstones, peering up into the branches of the Great Tree, insolently embracing its trunk with his outstretched arms, and making numerous calculations with measuring-tape and notebook—to what purpose, nobody had an inkling, until the day of the Easter Vestry. Then, after this and that business had been settled, up got the new parson, called the attention of the meeting to the disgracefully overcrowded condition of the graveyard, and offered us the choice of two alternatives—either to raise fifty pounds and purchase an extension, or to cut down and uproot the Tree. The latter course, he calculated, would make some fifteen hundred square feet of burying space immediately available at a small cost—nay, if the timber sold well, at a considerable profit; and it was the course he strongly recommended. Then, with a hypocritical expression of regret that his duty towards the parish should compel him to advocate the removal of “this ancient and notable specimen of Nature’s handiwork,” the new parson sat down.

Farmer Hawke, people’s churchwarden, rose to support the recommendation, laying special emphasis on the fact that, in these shy times, fifty pound was fifty pound. As for the tree, for his part he could see no sense or utility in the great wooden thing. Trees were all very well on an upland farm like his own, where he would be glad enough of a few of the same to shelter his house and barns; but here, in an enclosed valley, they were about as useful and judicious as open umbrellas in a back-parlor. He was aware that the sight-seeing strangers who infested our village were in the habit of going into ecstasies of maudlin admiration over the tree on account of its age and bigness; but where, he asked, was the credit in that? What else had the idle

thing to do *but* to grow old and big? It sickened his heart to see those foolish foreigners stand gaping round it, when they would pass by a meadow full of prize-bred fat bullocks without turning a head. Down with the cumbersome eyesore, said Farmer Hawke.

Benjamin Crapp, sexton and bell-ringer, followed on the same side, speaking with a heat and bitterness born of a personal grievance against the tree. Every autumn, said Benjamin, he was put to the tedious and unnecessary trouble of sweeping, pitch-forking, and wheeling away a monstrous great litter of leaves, the tree’s discarded apparel, to the extent of two cartloads at least. And whose fault was it that about the same time of year the one aim and aspiration of every pig in the parish was to get into the churchyard, and rout and nuzzle among the graves for scattered mast? A dozen times an hour he was called upon to cast down his tools and chase some intrusive porker from the sacred precincts, and as soon as one was driven out, another popped in. There was no unholier beast to be found than your pig, as he would undertake to prove any day out of Leviticus. Their presence in consecrated ground was little short of sacrilege, and the fault was entirely the tree’s for enticing them in. Down with the gashly, untidy, godless old lump of timber, said Benjamin Crapp.

These three having said their say, and nobody rising to plead for the tree, a vote was taken, and the voice of the meeting was found to be unanimous for destruction.

Now all the talk of the village was of the tree. I only wish I could report a tale of the growing indignation of the inhabitants, culminating, perhaps, in a mass meeting of all lovers, past and present, gathered to protest against the sacrifice of their tutelary spirit, the guardian of their vows, whose every



leaf was hallowed by the tender memories of sighs and kisses. But no! not a voice was raised in its behalf; all sentimental considerations, if such existed, were nipped by Farmer Hawke's weighty argument. These were indeed shy times, and fifty pounds were indubitably fifty pounds. Let the Church execute her sentence of axe and faggot as soon as she pleased.

One hope remained—the Squire; and at first the Squire, true to the traditions of his house, rose nobly to the occasion. Down from the Big House came his prompt veto. At all costs the life of his venerable dependent was to be spared. If fifty pounds would save it, the sum should be forthcoming out of his own pocket. Now you would have thought the tree was safe. But the new parson had to be reckoned with; and in the new parson all the traditional animosity of the Church against the tree seemed to be concentrated and intensified. Finding that the Squire was not to be moved by argument, he took counsel with Benjamin Crapp, whose bosom burned with an equal flame of resentment. Benjamin scratched his head till the friction kindled a sparkle in his eye. He hunted out a rusty key, and with this and a dark lantern the two conspirators entered the churchyard at dead of night.

Next morning, the Rector hurried up to the Big House, and poured into the Squire's ear a horrid tale of vegetable perfidy: how, being put on the scent by Sexton Crapp, he had descended into the family vault of the Behennas, and there found a tangled mass of the roots of the ungrateful tree, which had feloniously crept through a chink in the masonry and were playing havoc with the Squire's ancestral bones. With bated breath he described how they had already displaced and wrenched open several of the coffins, and were now in the act of ghoulishly battenning on the rich dust of ten gen-

erations of county gentlemen, beginning—O rankest ingratitude!—with the tree's first protector, the Jacobite.

At this the Squire's heart was turned and hardened against the tree, and with an explosion of strong words he abandoned it to its doom. Perhaps you will not blame him; yet for my part I cannot help thinking that a little reflection and a touch of imagination might have led him to see the event in a different and more agreeable light. What more appropriate fate could be conceived for his worthy ancestor, whose soul was in trees, than that the chief of his favorites should thus seek him out, slowly groping for two centuries in the darkness underground, till it found him, netted his dreamless head with its fibres, and began transmuting his dead clay into the living green his eyes once so delighted in. Such a fate Sir Thomas Browne might have curiously moralized upon, finding it no fallacy in duration thus to subsist in leaves instead of bones, and to be arboreally, not pyramidally extant. But the Squire, honest man, recked not of these things, seeing only what he deemed the insolent ingratitude of a pampered dependent.

Still the end was delayed, and that from the lowest of motives. It was now April, and the sap was rising. In order to get their sorry profit of blood-money out of the tree, the murderers must wait until the excitement of spring died down in its veins. So for three months it was allowed to enjoy the rain and sunshine; and this was the most painful part of the whole unpleasant business, to watch the soft new leaves unfolding, as fresh and delicate as a sapling's, to mark its growing confidence and serenity as the days went on, and to know all the time that the hour of its fullest vigor and completest enjoyment was to be the hour of its fall. In common decency they should have waited until its winter



trance was on; then the crude barbarity of the deed would not have been so apparent.

Going down into the village one July morning, I found a crowd of people gathered in the road below the church, and knew that the hour was come. The tree was still standing in all its summer bravery, but the sacrificial ropes were about it, and at the end of each rope a knot of men stood ready. I could see the great white gash in its trunk; and close by, red-faced, triumphant, axe in hand, was the Rector himself, so lost to all sense of shame that he had elected to be the executioner of his own vindictive sentence. Even as I looked, he gave a word of command; the men at the ropes spat on their hands and took hold; and suddenly that vast mountain of leaves trembled violently from head to foot. Having no mind to see the rest, I hurried away; but I could not get out of earshot before there came a sound like a gusty sigh, that swelled from a whisper to a roar, and ended in a mighty crash. I looked back. The church tower stood alone; where its noble

companion had been was now a chasm of empty air.

So fell Langanrock Great Tree, a martyr, as I will always maintain, to religious intolerance. The Rector, to be sure, laughs when I tell him so; and I will do him the justice to say that he seems quite unconscious of the inheritance of obscure rancor which was the real motive that urged him to the deed. The Church funds gained a pound or so by the sale of the timber; on the other hand we lost what the whole rateable value of the parish could not replace. "Ah, Don Pepino!" exclaims Landor, "old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities, and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids, rise up like exhalations at its bidding; even the free spirit of Man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees."

*Charles Lee.*

### THE CHAIN OF SEDITION.

The murder of the Egyptian Prime Minister, following on the series of assassinations in India, brings once more into prominence the fact that a great chain of sedition has been established which now embraces a considerable portion of the British Empire. From Britain to India, thence back to Africa and to America, and across the Atlantic back to Britain again, is indeed a long and portentous series of links. The resort to secret organization and open crime as a means of enforcing the demands of a body of conspirators against an existing order of things is not confined to the British dominions. All over Europe for centuries there

have been organizations of this character, and they are not unknown even in the United States. In Ireland we have had the gloomy experience of the Moonlighters, the Fenians, the Invincibles, and the long list of secret terrorists who have waged war against constituted authority at different periods during the past forty years. That there exists a sympathetic connection between Irish extremists and the present leaders of the revolutionary party in India and in Egypt has been made manifest in many ways. The revolutionary journals in Ireland, and their closely allied American prints, have welcomed the Swadeshi movement and the forma-

tion of the Young Egypt party in language of the warmest eulogy. There have not been wanting, both in America and in Ireland, some indications of a feeling of extenuation, if not of approval, of the outbreak of crime which has followed both the Swadeshi and the Young Egyptian movement as it followed the policy of the Land League in Ireland.

We do not for a moment suggest that responsible leaders of any party in Great Britain or in Ireland have any sympathy with these crimes. It is quite certain that they are regarded with horror and abhorrence by the great mass of the population. It is however equally certain that men who hold a leading position in the Irish Nationalist Party and amongst English Socialists have, in this anti-British revolutionary movement, found a common ground on which to work each for their own objects. Irish Nationalists do not love Socialism; English Socialists care little for Irish Nationalism. What they alone agree upon is the necessity of upsetting the existing Constitution of the Empire in order that certain vague benefits might result to themselves and their followers. We readily believe that when Messrs. Hazelton and Kettle, as representing the Irish Nationalists, and Messrs. Keir Hardie and Barnes, on behalf of the Socialists, attended the Young Egypt Congress at Geneva last September, they had no idea that its deliberations might tend in the direction of instigating the Secretary of the Convention to carry out the deliberate assassination of Boutres Pasha. That they did take an active part in the proceedings at this Convention; that Ibrahim Wardany, now in custody for the murder of the Egyptian Minister, was the Secretary of that gathering; and that the assassination has occurred, are absolute facts which cannot be denied. The series of events deserves the gravest considera-

tion, especially at the present crisis, when the affairs of the Empire are subject to the dominating influence of the combination which was represented at Geneva.

Mr. Keir Hardie does not conceal his aspirations for a social revolution. Out of the chaos into which the Government have plunged the whole fiscal system of the country he hopes to evolve those socialistic conditions in which the mob must come to the top. Mr. John Redmond has, with equal candor, avowed that he and his party care nothing for British interests or British parties. They want only the power to deal as they think fit with the lives and properties of their fellow-countrymen. It is to this selfish combination, bound together solely by a common hatred of British institutions, that Mr. Asquith and the Liberal Party are now appealing for permission to attack the very vitals of the British Constitution. All three groups together cry, "Down with the Lords." But if they succeeded in this object the combination would at once split up in the fight which must ensue to secure their own ends by each of the constituent groups. At the last election the Socialists in England fared but poorly. Irish electors showed plainly that their confidence in the Redmondite faction of Nationalists has been seriously shaken. Another election in the near future is a certainty. It is well that British people should plainly understand to what terrible results the combined efforts of the present dictators of the House of Commons may lead. Mr. Redmond may yield as regards the Budget, thus betraying the best interests of his country, and so delaying for a time the inevitable appeal to the constituencies. This delay should be utilized to the full in making clear to the people of Great Britain what is the real character and tendency of the policy of the men on whom the Liberals

now rely for keeping them in power. Never in the history of any nation did a responsible Government appeal for its existence to the mercy and toleration of such a group. Such an appeal,

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whether it be temporarily successful or not, must eventually result in the merited extinction of the politicians who adopt it.

## THE DECAY OF MELODRAMA.

There is a state of mind in which it is proper to visit a melodrama, as there is a state of mind in which it is proper to go to church. You must leave behind you your problems, your bewilderments, your eccentricities. On this stage nothing is in doubt. It is not here that new casuistries are applied to old sins, or fresh solutions sought for ancient bewilderments. You expect from the melodramatist a firm and unquestioning morality, a well-trying plot, an inevitable end. His message has the certainty of orthodox preaching, and it comes to you with the assurance of anonymity. The author's name, perhaps, is in the bills; but you do not look for it. The curtain is his surplice, the cheers of the gallery his ordination. He stands in an apostolic succession, and you may predict of him, before you have seen his piece, that he will question none of the councils and prevaricate over none of the articles. In his pulpit there is no heresy. Virtue will always triumph. Of his erring characters one at least will have a heart of gold. The *ingénue* will assuredly wear yellow hair. The villainess will certainly dress in black. You go to the solemn performance, not because you look for novelty, but because you are comfortably certain of its absence. It is a ritual, and you love it because it stirs in your breast the older loyalties, the surer faiths of our race. You would resent a variation, as you would a new ceremonial in your village church. So it was that our ancestors saw life, and so our descendants

will see it. The footlights are a consecrated illumination which range the shadows and adjust the glories, as men have chosen to see them adjusted, since ever their hands could clap. On this stage no piece is ever stale. It has its repertory theatre in every village booth, where still you may see the classic "Iron Box"—an adaptation of Godwin's "Caleb Williams"—or the older and still more classic "Sweeney Todd." They have never bent to changing fashions. Their morality submits to no social evolution. Their judgments admit no "larger hope." In their world, vice is vice and virtue is virtue, and the naval officer always marries the golden girl. Here alone is your *quod semper*, your *quod ubique*. Cross the Channel, and you will find that strolling companies are playing the same pieces with the same morality to Norman peasants at village fairs. The uniforms are changed. The local color is varied. But the same brave men share with the same tender women the splendors of the stage and the plaudits of the pit.

A blind man who knows the traditions of our stage can find his way to the melodrama with no guiding hand to lead him. The acid scent of oranges is its symbol and advertisement. The orange-seller does not ply her trade outside the theatres where strenuous crowds are waiting to be harrowed by "Justice," or to be caught in some guilty triangle of the affections. The orange is not the fruit of the intellectuals, nor yet of the frivolous and the

light-minded. It is part of a usage which never varies. Where Drury Lane opens towards Covent Garden this venerable trade grew up. An innovating London has swept away the cloistered inns and the timbered houses. The narrow lanes admit to-day the sun which for three centuries they never saw, and wild flowers are growing on the waste land where once was the centre of a nation's revels. But the faint scent from the orange-woman's basket brings back with it the ghosts who sold and bought and paid their duty to melodrama on this narrow acre between restoration and revolution, from Commonwealth to County Council. Just so Nell Gwynne must have stood as the chairs and the coaches set down their brilliant burdens. In these days oranges were not the exclusive solace of the pit. One is constrained to believe that King Charles himself must have devoured them between the acts and flung the skins upon the floor of the royal box.

It was the orange-woman who lured us into the Aldwych Theatre. *Cucullus non facit monachum*. It takes more than an orange to make a melodrama. We confess we were a little suspicious of the title of the piece. "The Bad Girl of the Family" has a meretricious, even a modern, ring about it. The true melodrama deals rather with the good girl. Its votaries are interested, above all, in the triumph of virtue. Nor were the posters altogether promising. That lady with the sinister leer belongs to another tradition. Woman in melodrama is not the destroyer or the vampire. She errs, indeed, but always by the defects of her qualities. If we are to consider it nicely, Mr. Walter Melville's piece marks a decay and a decline in British melodrama. The music-hall has invaded his stage, and the clowning riots out of all reason and proportion. Melodrama demands its broad humors, its physical jokes, its

recognized absurdities. But here, too, something is due to tradition. It is to sin against all the canons of the art that the tragic characters should themselves lapse into their moments of buffoonery. The essence of the tradition is its sincerity, its broad and clear-browed seriousness. We must know from the beginning who are the laughable and who are the pathetic personages. What is tolerable in the Irishman or the old woman is not allowed in the heavy lady or the *ingénue*. We respect a yellow wig when we see it; it may make us weep, it may make us cheer, but it must not make us laugh. We know the deep chest notes appropriate to stage wickedness; they must not be varied by a screaming falsetto. It is, moreover, past all forgiving that a moving scene, in which the heroine is about to be arrested for a murder, should suddenly degenerate into a pillow-fight between girls and policemen. We speak of these things gravely and with regret. There is a great classic tradition to conserve, and no one who honors the history of our stage can see it violated without a serious protest. Mr. Melville is playing Strausslike tricks with a form as reverent and inviolable as the symphony itself. These indecent familiarities, where all should be high purpose and pure emotion, are as gross violations of good taste as the splashing of the baby in its bath midway in the *Symphonia Domestica*, or the bleating of the sheep in *Don Quixote*. Mr. Melville murders passably well. But the suspicion seizes us that he does not take his own plots seriously. We do. We were all agog for the tragic sequel. We thrilled when the "bad girl" rushed, a panting fugitive, into that bedroom. We applauded with all our hands when those spirited girls vowed that they would save their comrade. The least that we expected was that one of them would thrust her slender arm, like Catharine

Douglas, into the staple of the lock. There had come one of those tense heroic moments for which melodrama exists. It was an impishness worthy of Mr. Shaw which gave us a pillow-fight for our anti-climax. We hasten to add that, although Mr. Melville's piece is decadent and frivolous melodrama, it does at least retain some relics of a great inheritance. The "bad girl" is really good at heart—had it been otherwise we should not have deemed her history worthy of notice, nor would the crowds have flocked to see her. The morality throughout rings true and sure—though the moral speeches, we regret to state, are almost epigrammatic in their brevity. There is a convict scene, and a stirring marriage scene. There is a bad earl, and a good thief. Mr. Melville is worth a remonstrance. Had he canonized the earl, or damned the thief, we should have consigned him to the oblivion which is the uttermost darkness.

Melodrama is decadent. Yet the fault lies, we are convinced, with the dramatists and not with the public. These vast crowds which flock to "The Bad Girl" lack nothing of the old seriousness, the essential loyalty of mind. And it is the pit which makes the melodrama. You may write your problem-play as you will, and it matters little how the public receives it. You have done your thinking aloud. But of a melodrama there is only one test. It is that your audience should hiss your villains. Fail in that, and you have failed in all. There was nothing wanting at the Aldwych in the heartiness with which the audience hissed. We can conceive no prouder moment in an actor's career than that in which he first receives this tribute to his realism. So Apelles must have felt when the birds pecked at the cherries on his can-

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vas. He is lost in his art, forgotten in his own success. He knows that his hearers have judged him as they judge of life. They are in no mood to recognize counterfeits and simulacra. Your drawing-room play may turn on philanderings and flirtations, on misunderstandings to be cleared up, on points of casultry to be determined. But the melodrama inherits a robuster tradition. The sins with which it deals are real crimes, which end at Portland or the galleys. There is something at stake. There are lives in the balance. The Greeks, also, knew that it needed such material as this to make a great play. They dealt for choice with a parricide or a matricide, or hung their tragedy on the sack of a city or a human sacrifice. It is in these footprints, if he did but know it, that the melodramatist treads. His benevolent convict is a Prometheus Bound. His wicked earl with one fair daughter is a lineal descendant of Agamemnon. He is right to eschew innovation. The great themes of tragedy were long ago discovered. The primitive myths of the long-lost child, the birth-mark and the forbidden marriage, these are the things which natural man has cared to hear of since first he sought in ordered speech to tell his rarer experiences. For it is the chance of such happenings as these which is the salt of life. Life is for the simple man a lottery in which none of the numbers count, save the fatal number which is drawn. He endures in daily life the barren tedium, in which there are no coincidences and rarely a complication. When he goes to the theatre it is with the demand that one of these portents shall happen there. It happens, he applauds, and comes away. The wisdom of the ages, the experience of unnumbered generations, has once more been confirmed.



## THE DETRACTION OF PUBLIC MEN.

We dare say many people share our opinion that there has been recently an unusual, possibly an unexampled, amount of detraction of our public men. No doubt when political feeling runs high, and all personal criticism of leaders in the struggle is a kind of canvassing for votes, it is natural that there should be more innuendo and more gossip than at other times. It was said of a partisan writer on politics that he described all the members of his own party as handsome and witty, and all the members of the other side as ugly and dull. That is a habit of mind—perfectly sincere, perhaps, up to a certain point—which is capable of particular and dangerous extensions. So far as mere personal animosity between politicians who continually meet one another is concerned, we may say, of course, that England is singularly free from it. A few days ago Herr von Bethmann Hollweg was complaining in the Prussian Diet that Germans had never learned how to conduct political rivalry without bitterness. And in France the bitterness, even the virulence, is notorious. Very likely it is discounted by every one who deals in it, but superficially it is unmistakable. Metternich, commenting on the *Fraternité* of the French, sardonically declared that if he were a Frenchman and had a brother he should say he was his cousin. The detraction which has been so noticeable lately is not practised, then, among those rival politicians who know one another fairly well, but rather by those who know little of the subjects of their criticism. Are we not all familiar with the current gossip? X, who recently went abroad, is said to have gone for the good of his family, and we are told that he will soon be divorced from his wife; Y, who showed a highly

commendable independence in voting against his party on one occasion, is said to have got into the wrong lobby by mistake because he had had too much to drink; Z, who gave a large sum to a charity, is declared to have done so in settlement of some claim which had very little to do with charity, for Z, it is pointed out, is not the man to pay large sums except as hush-money; and so on. Stories not wholly unlike these go the rounds, gathering much unearned increment of scandal as they go; their persistence is remarkable; their popularity is as undoubted as it is discreditable; their origin defies detection. Very few public men indeed are free from the attentions of slander. Society says to each of its political leaders as Hamlet says to Ophelia: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

Our own feeling is, as we have said, that this kind of calumnious gossip has gone further than ever before. The Lady Teazles are not confined to a group of persons in touch with the heart of affairs who exalt scandal into an art and redeem it to some extent by wit; they are to be found everywhere, in Blackheath or Hampstead as well as in Mayfair, and the calumny is a dull pedestrian performance, only making itself ridiculous by its pretence of accurate information. "There is nothing," said Bacon, "makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother. What would men have? Do they think those they employ and deal with are Saints?" No; there is no need to think that well-known public men are saints; nor is there any necessity to listen to every breath of detraction which would



make them out debauchees or fools. A safe rule, in default of personal first-hand information about the intimacies of a man's life, would be to judge him solely by his "public form." "Suspensions that the mind of itself gathers are but buzzes; but suspicions that are artificially nourished and put into men's heads by the tales and whisperings of others, have strings." We should think it perfectly safe to say offhand, and without investigation, that all the stories now current are untrue. Men whose occupation in life keeps them in the public eye certainly deserve to be protected from such aspersions, which often do not even know themselves to be malicious. Surely it is not too much for public men to ask for the same indulgence as is given to any criminal by the law. They have a title to be held innocent till they are proved guilty. If a man whose responsibilities are great is false to his trust, and is clearly proved to be false, then by all means let the discredit into which he falls be proportionate to the magnitude of his defection; but sentence before trial is an infamous procedure. As to what we have called judgment by public form Sydney Smith said a very wise and penetrating thing:—"You spend a great deal of ink about the character of the present prime-minister. Grant you all that you write; I say, I fear he will ruin Ireland, and pursue a line of policy destructive to the true interest of his country: and then you tell me he is faithful to Mrs. Perceval, and kind to the master Percevals! These are, undoubtedly, the first qualifications to be looked to in a time of the most serious public danger; but somehow or another (if public and private virtues must always be incompatible), I should prefer that he destroyed the domestic happiness of Wood or Cockell, owed for the veal of the preceding year, whipped his boys, and saved his country." It is no duty

of the public to play the private detective. Judge a man by his "public form" so long as you have no possible means of judging him justly by any other. The principle is as sound as that of bearing with inconveniences till they fester into crimes. "Ah," some one may say, "then your conviction after all is that the only sin is to be found out." "Nothing of the sort," we answer, "but trial by public scandal is outrageous from every point of view." Experience shows the wisdom of the rule not to believe scandalous stories of public men. We venture to say that there are plenty of men over forty who recall with a sense of humiliation how when they were younger they believed some cock-and-bull story about this or that statesman which afterwards turned out to be as utterly ridiculous as it was cruel. Yet they heard it on what seemed the best authority. Scandalous stories were told of Mr. Gladstone by the hundred. Those who believed or half believed them at the time must now feel heartily ashamed of themselves. Men and women who would avoid a similar feeling ten or twenty years hence had better take our illustration to heart.

But is there nothing to be said in explanation, if not in extenuation, of the prevalent gossip? We think that there is. If the nation should allow a certain standing credit to its public men, the public men owe a corresponding duty to the people. They should bear themselves with dignity, remembering that even if they are indifferent to charges of clowning as applied to themselves, they have no right to allow such charges to be associated with any important or ancient office under the Crown. A Cabinet Minister, for example, may cut capers and compete with the whole political field in violence and extravagance of phrase. In one sense no great harm is done; in another sense an infinitude of harm is done. The

office he holds is insensibly lowered in general estimation. He makes it seem considerably less of an anomaly than before that any kind of vulgarity, any aberration which gossip cares to name, should be practised by him as lightly as by any private person. In the relations of private life, again, statesmen cannot afford to be free-and-easy, eccentric, or even unconventional. If they are not always a little on their guard as to how their actions will look, and if they do not consider the possibilities of misrepresentation, scandal is sure to arise.

The old-fashioned notions of the Olympian majesty of the great offices of State may have been cultivated to the point of pomposity. But some public men of to-day are inclined to jump to the other extreme and to crack jokes in their shirt-sleeves with grinning audiences,—audiences which are amused, no doubt, but are, we believe, profoundly unimpressed. Those who have read "Oakfield," a novel by W. D. Arnold, the second son of Arnold of Rugby, will remember how he set a high ideal of behavior before the young soldier serving in India. It was too much perhaps to expect the roystering subaltern to wear an air of sedateness, remembering that he was a member of

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the ruling race, and that every hour and every moment his conduct was under the scrutiny of impassive but intensely curious Indians, who constructed out of their observations some theory of the character of the strange white nation which destiny had sent to govern them. Yet there was the simple fact, as to which Arnold made no mistake whatever, that a jolly evening in the mess contributed to the total impression which was gradually being beaten out on the native mind. How much greater is the responsibility of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or of a Secretary of State, than that of a subaltern! If the public are to be discouraged from believing idle rumors, we say frankly that one of the first precautions to be taken by public men is the avoidance of "all appearance of evil." The public will believe less when less occasion is given to them to think their scandals credible. It is not enough for a public man to be able to say: "My conscience is clear; my actions, if properly and justly judged, give no cause for scandal." He must be able to say: "I have maintained the dignity of my position, and have not given even an excuse for gossip."

## VANISHING PICCADILLY.

The threatened demolition of the twin houses known to students of the "Red Book" as 7 Stratton Street and 80 Piccadilly, but regarded by the world at large as forming part of the last-named thoroughfare, involves the disappearance of one of the most interesting landmarks of Western London. Since the advent of the forbidding black-and-white boards suggesting the imminence of the catastrophe, a good deal has been written of the siege and surren-

der of Sir Francis Burdett in April 1810, and the circumstances which won for the Guards the undesirable but now forgotten nickname of the "Piccadilly Butchers." The identification of 80 Piccadilly as the scene of the most remarkable adventure in the career of the wayward statesman of whom it was written—

Through good and evil report, through  
calm and storm,  
For forty years the pilot of reform,

rests mainly on the authority of Mr. Jesse. If that writer is correct in stating that the Duke of St. Albans afterwards lived in the same house, and moved *two or three doors further east* when he married the widowed Mrs. Coutts in 1827, we are face to face with another of those topographical historic doubts in which Piccadilly abounds. It is moreover by no means sure that the unflattering sobriquet of the Household troops arose from the charge of April 1810, the centenary of which is, by a curious coincidence, close at hand. It has been attributed to the conflict with the mob at the corner of Park Lane eleven years later, when the determination of the populace to compel the carrying of the coffin of "murdered Queen Caroline" through the City led to actual bloodshed. Be this as it may, there are few London mansions richer in reminiscences than those now menaced with speedy removal.

It is unlikely that anyone now living remembers the opening of the front door of 80 Piccadilly. For many years it has been faced with iron railings, for ever since the death of the Duchess of St. Albans in 1837, if not before, the two tenements have formed one abode, with the principal entrance in Stratton Street. It was from the balcony overlooking Piccadilly that the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts (born in 1814), with the late Admiral Sir Henry Keppel (born in 1809) sitting by her side, looked down smilingly on the coronation procession of King Edward VII. From the same coign of vantage Miss Angela Coutts had witnessed similar spectacles in 1821, 1830, and 1837. In the title Burdett-Coutts all the most treasured memories of both 1 Stratton Street and 80 Piccadilly are summarized. Sir Francis Burdett lived till 1844, surviving the daughter of Thomas Coutts, the opulent banker of the Strand and 1 Stratton Street, whom he married in August 1793, six months

after the execution of Louis XVI, only a few days. At the time of their death Miss Coutts had inherited the colossal fortune bequeathed her by her grandfather's widow, Harriet, Duchess of St. Albans, once Harriet Mellon, who had presided over the hospitalities of Stratton Street ever since her marriage with Thomas Coutts in the year of Waterloo, while Angela Burdett was still in her cradle. Thomas Coutts died in 1822. The late Baroness Burdett-Coutts could distinctly recollect her grandfather, and he was born in 1735, quite early in George II's reign, and had talked as a middle-aged man with Chesterfield and Chatham, as well as with Johnson and Garrick! Possibly the years between 1815 and 1822 were the happiest of his life. Royal dukes were constant guests at the Stratton Street dinner-parties *en petit comité*, and we shall doubtless hear a good deal of these hospitalities in the biography which Mr. Francis Coutts is now compiling of the "founder of the firm."

It was to the best-known corner house on the north side of Piccadilly that Mr. Hamlet, the jeweller, brought, on the day following the postponed coronation of George IV, the magnificent diamond cross which had been worn during that solemnity by the Duke of York. The whole thing had been previously arranged by Mr. Coutts, who was dining with his wife when Mr. Hamlet arrived. The splendid ornament very naturally excited the admiration of Mrs. Coutts, upon which the banker quietly asked its owner how much it was worth. "I could not part with it for less than £15,000," said the jeweller. Mr. Coutts called for pen and ink, wrote a cheque for the sum, and placed the glittering jewel round his wife's neck. After her marriage with the Duke of St. Albans, which took place in the drawing-room overlooking Piccadilly, Harriet Mellon showed herself to be the most generous

of ennobled actresses. It is possible that somewhere in the doomed houses there still exist the curtains which she purchased at a guinea a yard to encourage the suffering Spitalfields weavers. In 1837 the public interest in Miss Angela Burdett's fortune of £1,800,000 was little less than that felt in Queen Victoria's accession. The days of colossal wealth and multi-millionaires had yet to come, and the newspapers busied themselves with computations as to how far the Coutts treasure would reach if arranged "edgewise" either in sovereigns or crown-pieces. During the next few years the heiress of Stratton Street, who probably did more good in her generation than any woman who ever lived, was assigned to all kinds of Royal and noble personages. First it was the Duke of Wellington, who was stated on "the best authority" to have proposed for her hand. Then it was Louis Napoleon; and finally the story "of a really genuine love" is given by the late Lord Beaconsfield in an unpublished letter to his sister now in possession of Mr. Francis Coutts. There was another siege of the corner house by an insane and unknown admirer, against whom Miss Coutts was compelled to seek the protection of a court of law. Like the Duchess of St. Albans, Miss Coutts was much given to hospitality, and her parties were chronicled in the earlier years of Queen Victoria's reign as regularly as the Court functions, and with almost equal prominence. In 1871 Miss Burdett-Coutts the philanthropist was raised to the peerage with the title of Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Some ten years later she married Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who subsequently assumed her name. In 1810 the City of Westminster was represented in Parliament by Sir Francis Burdett (born in 1770), who first entered the House of Commons in 1796 as member for Boroughbridge, having married Sophia Coutts

three years before. In 1910 Sir Francis Burdett's son-in-law is the member for the City of Westminster, and his first election dates as far back as 1885. Sir Francis Burdett's great political battles at Westminster date from 1806, when he subscribed £1000 towards the candidature of "Paul the tailor," with whom he fought a duel in the following year, when he contested the seat successfully in person.

The memories of Sir Francis Burdett's demagogic triumphs between 1802 and 1820 are all closely associated with the Piccadilly house. About 1820 he removed to St. James' Place, but the Coutts' connection with 1 Stratton Street remained unbroken, and extends over considerably more than a century. The caricatures of Sir Francis Burdett between 1800 and 1820, with an abundance of long hair falling over his forehead, and wearing a bright blue or green coat, present a curious contrast to the portraits of a later date, when he gave up his no longer safe Westminster seat to represent North Wilts as a moderate Conservative. In the last years of his life the hero of the siege of 1810 resembled the more refined presentments of John Bull. In the possession of the writer is a relic which unites the Coutts and the Burdett interest. It is an address to the independent electors of Westminster in the memorable year 1831, signed by Sir Francis Burdett, but entirely in the handwriting of the future owner of both houses—Miss Angela Burdett, afterwards Miss Burdett-Coutts. It concludes as follows: "I am persuaded that the good conduct of the people, their enthusiasm for their patriot King, and their firm and rational attachment to the approved institutions of their country will bring to shame false and impudent impostors; and his Majesty's wisdom in placing the stability of the throne on the broad foundation of the interest and affection of the people, instead of on a

narrow, corrupt oligarchical interest, will be as manifest as his firmness and meet approbation of wise and good men. Gentlemen, I have no professions to make. We understand one another, and I trust we shall soon receive the reward of our labors in the renovated liberty of our country." The hospitalities of 1 Stratton Street and 80 Piccadilly between 1880 and 1900 were scarcely less remarkable than those already alluded to. They can-

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not be chronicled here, but they add to the store of memories which cling to these doomed buildings, and will in some measure continue to do so when the existing Georgian houses are replaced by a twentieth-century hotel or flats replete with modern convenience. We may be thankful that Apsley and Bath Houses still remain, and that the desolation which for a time menaced the London home of the Dukes of Devonshire is temporarily postponed.

A. M. B.

## A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.

1911. Another General Election. No change in the composition of parties, save that *Sir George Doughty* is returned for Pudsey. Country pronounces itself decidedly against the Budget and Tariff Reform, Free Trade, and the Lords, Little Englandism and a Big Navy. *Mr. Asquith* takes a firm stand—Budget first. But on receiving a resolution from the Radical Members for Clackmannan, explains that this really means Veto first. The *Chancellor* borrows £100,000,000 at four per cent. *Mr. Byles* created a peer to terrorize the Lords.

1912. No great change occurs at the annual General Election. Pudsey returns *Mr. Bernard Shaw*. *Mr. Asquith* puts his foot down firmly, and says, "Veto first." Torchlight procession from the National Liberal Club to Downing Street. The *Chancellor* borrows £80,000,000 at six per cent., as no majority can be found for the four-year Budget. To the consternation of the Peers *Mr. Cadbury* is created *Lord Bournemouth*.

1913. Interest in the General Election concentrated on Pudsey—the index constituency. Pudsey returns *Mr. Harold Cox*. *Mr. Asquith* says that the time for talking is over—the time for

action has arrived. Banquet at the National Liberal Club to celebrate this epoch in our history. *Chancellor* borrows £40,000,000 at eight per cent., and strikes a deadly blow at the House of Lords by omitting the salaries of its door-keepers from the estimates.

1914. Great interest in the General Election as the *Premier* announces that it is to be fought on the Veto question, and that he will not take office unless this is settled once for all. Pudsey returns the *Rev. R. J. Campbell*. *Mr. Asquith* retains office, and declares emphatically that the six-years' Budget must come first. On cross-examination by *Mr. Redmond*, he explains that this means "first after the Veto." Congratulatory address presented to the *Premier* by *Mr. Silas K. Hocking* on behalf of the National Liberal Club. *Mr. Lloyd George* reduces the *Lord Chancellor's* salary by half, and this blow at the Peers proving ineffective borrows £20,000,000 at fifteen per cent.

1915. At the Albert Hall meeting before the General Election *Mr. Asquith* declares with emphasis that he will not hold office for one moment if subject to the humiliations of former years. Pudsey returns *Sir Henry Norman*. This is regarded as a sign that the country



demands the Budget first. The *Premier* announces to the House that their first duty will be to put the finances of the country in order and that the Budget shall have priority over everything except the Veto. Bonfires blaze outside the National Liberal Club. Mr. Lloyd George borrows £5,000 at eighty per cent. for urgent national purposes—the payment of the *Chancellor of the Exchequer's* salary.

Punch.

1916. Extraordinary migration of people assessed for Income Tax. Hundreds of people crushed to death at Charing Cross and Victoria, sinking of six overcrowded Channel steamers, and downfall of eighty packed aeroplanes.

Address presented to Mr. Asquith by the National Liberal Club, congratulating him on his patriotic self-denial in not clinging to office when he had not a majority.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mr. James Oliver Curwood has made a new story of the frozen North in "The Danger Trail," a story in which furs and the dog team, Indians and half-breeds are combined with murder plots borrowed from the histories of trade unions and political conspirators, and elaborate artfulness, fascinating in a story although possibly unattractive in reality. The hero loves a girl who seems to seek his life but in the end he is made happy and months of mystery are explained in a brief half-hour. The tale is excellent of its species in spite of an occasional lapse into the dialect of the stock speculator and the poker player. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

There are few novelists who write of life in the open with keener zest than Harold Bindloss, and his new story, "Thurston of Orchard Valley," is in the familiar style that has given so much pleasure to readers who have grown weary of depressing and dubious studies of conventional society. Its hero is a young Englishman of good family but narrow means, its scene is laid in British Columbia, and its plot turns upon the struggle of an engineer to drain a huge tract of land by blasting a new channel for a river and the underhand efforts of a rival company to

prevent him from completing his contract in the stipulated time. The author's women are not so well drawn as his men, and the romance which he introduces is commonplace, but as a story of strenuous adventure and achievement the book deserves warm praise. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"Francia's Masterpiece," by Mr. Montgomery Carmichael, is a serious inquiry into the origin and history of the oldest known pictorial representations of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, one an altar-piece by Francia in the Church of San Frediano in Lucca, the other a picture in the Church of San Francesco in Lucca, older and apparently furnishing the ideas for the former. The misapprehensions in regard to the altar-piece, the meaning of its various parts, its history, the name of its donor, and the name of the chapel originally containing it were so many that Mr. Carmichael's search for the truth was long and painstaking and his account of it is intensely interesting. No scholar who has known the dear delight of pursuing an elusive truth can fail to enjoy it. When discovered, the history was found to be both romantic and curious, and possibly its publication may bring to



light other Immaculate Conceptions hitherto mistaken for Coronations and Assumptions. "Francia's Masterpiece" is illustrated by reproductions of the various parts of the masterpiece, and of other pictures on the same subject, and in an appendix it contains a choice assortment of erroneous opinions in regard to it. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"John the Unafraid," is the title of a small anonymous volume vested in royal purple and white and relating the deeds and words of the one man who was not afraid when, nearly a hundred years ago, certain of the wise of the earth declared that the world would come to an end in forty-two months. This man John lived only to be kind and just and had no time to consider the end of the world, thereby scandalizing those who were preparing themselves for the coming change so that many came to reprove him, and many more came to be taught how to rid themselves of fear. John is a very Confucius in devising good answers and no small worldly wisdom and common sense mingle with his charity and faith, and as he has a pretty gift of humor, the book should be as agreeable to the children of this world as to the children of light. A. T. McClurg & Co.

"In After Days, Thoughts on the Future Life," is one of those books which in a perfect world would for months after its appearance supersede the novel as a subject for conversation, and turn the thoughts of all worthy readers to the solemn realities of which it treats, but as matters are, it will probably receive small attention except from that minority capable of perceiving that even as a literary curiosity it deserves something more than passing attention, inasmuch as, although but one of its nine authors has been ordained to the ministry, all of them have been successful in their own fields of

effort; and one of them has written a book which for forty years has consoled the mourners of all ages and conditions. Mr. Howells takes up the subject endeavoring to find good advice to the mourner and discusses it with that beautiful delicacy with which he treats all the really serious matters of life; Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward brings forward an original view of the proper way to regard death; Mr. John Bigelow takes up his parable in defence of a personal immortality so earnestly that one is tempted to accuse him of playing Mr. Valliant for Truth; Mrs. Howe writes in the conviction that the persistent "something" which has accompanied her through all the changes of this life will still attend her in whatsoever further events may come; Mr. Henry Mills Alden ingeniously declines to go beyond Tom Appleton's opinion that death is "interesting"; Col. Higginson ranges himself near Mr. Bigelow, wondering how any can doubt a future life, and relating some sacred experiences; Dr. William Hanna Thomson argues for immortality as the only reasonable result of the creation of man; Professor Ferrero warns his readers that not only is there a future life, but that nothing worse could happen to this world than indifference to that life, and lastly Mr. Henry James elaborates the statement that it would be in execrably bad taste for the originator of things to delude man with a vision of immortality only to withdraw it, and that, therefore it is incredible that the vision should not be realized. It is true that a single text of Scripture has more weight than all this conjecture, but it is also true that these conjectures are worth infinitely more than the vague nebulosities called by most of us our thoughts, and they should indeed divert the mind from the best seller even in its fourteenth edition before publication. Harper & Brothers.

